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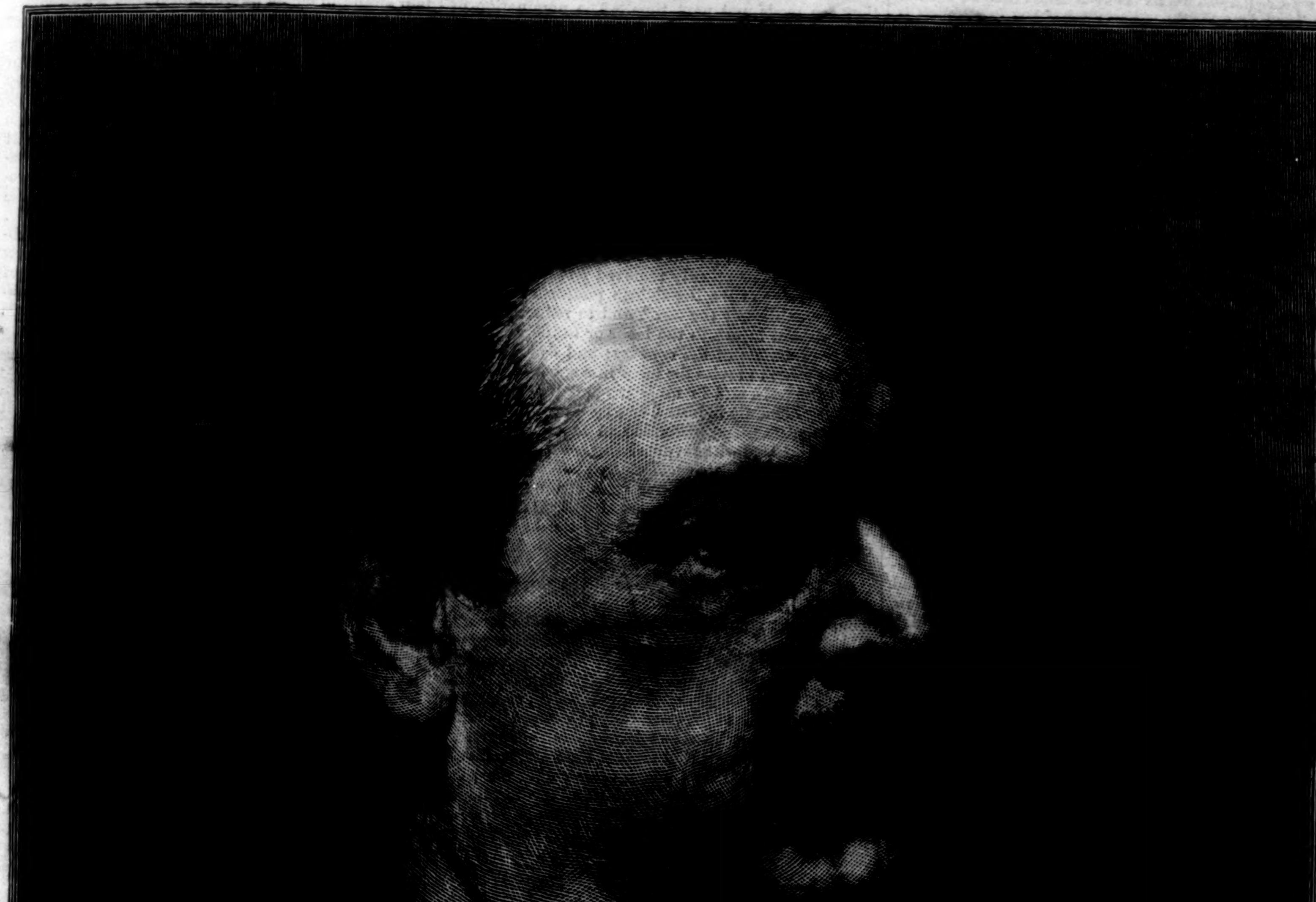

GROVER CLEVELAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. J. BAKER.—[SEE PAGE 458.]

For President,

GROVER CLEVELAND, OF NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

FOR THE

CAMPAIGN OF 1884,

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LOVE AND MIRAGE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE nomination of Governor CLEVELAND defines sharply the actual issue of the Presidential election of this year. He is a man whose absolute official integrity has never been questioned, who has no laborious and doubtful explanations to undertake, and who is universally known as the Governor of New York elected by an unprecedented majority which was not partisan, and represented both the votes and the consent of an enormous body of Republicans, and who as the Chief Executive of the State has steadily withstood the blandishments and the threats of the worst elements of his party, and has justly earned the reputation of a courageous, independent, and efficient friend and promoter of administrative reform. His name has become that of the especial representative among our public men of the integrity, purity, and economy of administration which are the objects of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens. The bitter and furious hostility of Tammany Hall and of General BUTLER to Governor CLEVELAND is his passport to the confidence of good men, and the general conviction that Tammany will do all that it can to defeat him will be an additional incentive to the voters who can not support Mr. BLAINE, and who are unwilling not to vote at all, to secure the election of a candidate whom the political rings and the party traders instinctively hate and unitedly oppose.

So firm and "clean" and independent in his high office has Governor CLEVELAND shown himself to be, that he is denounced as not being a Democrat by his Democratic opponents. This denunciation springs from the fact that he has not hesitated to prefer the public welfare to the mere interest of his party. Last autumn, when the Democratic district attorney of Queens County was charged with misconduct, the Governor heard the accusation and the defense, and decided that it was his duty to remove the officer. He was asked by his party friends to defer the removal until after the election, as otherwise the party would lose the district by the opposition of the attorney's friends. The Governor understood his duty, and removed the officer some days before the election, and the party did lose the district. This kind of courage and devotion to public duty in the teeth of the most virulent opposition of traders of his own party is unusual in any public man, and it shows precisely the executive quality which is demanded at a time when every form of speculation and fraud presses upon the public Treasury under the specious plea of party advantage.

The argument that in an election it is not a man but a party that is supported, and that the Democratic party is less to be trusted than the Republican, is futile at a time when the Republican party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most conscientious Republicans can not support, and the Democratic party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most venal Democrats practically bolt. Distrust of the Democratic party springs from the conduct of the very Democrats who madly oppose Governor CLEVELAND because they know that they can not use him. The mere party argument is vain also because no honorable man will be whipped in to vote for a candidate whom he believes to be personally disqualified for the Presidency on the ground that a party ought to be sustained. No honest Republican would sustain his party for such a reason, and the honest Republicans who propose to vote for Mr. BLAINE will do so because they do not believe, as the protesting Republicans do believe, that he made his official action subserve a personal advantage. Nothing is more hopeless than an attempt to persuade such Republicans to sustain their party by voting for an unworthy candidate. Should they help to reward such a candidate by conferring upon him the highest official honor in the world, they could not reasonably expect the nomination of a worthier candidate at the next election, and they could not consistently oppose the election of any candidate whom their party might select. The time to defeat unfit nominations is when they are made, not next time. The nomination of Governor CLEVELAND is due not so much to the preference of his party as to the general demand of the country for a candidacy which stands for precisely the qualities and services which are associated with his name.

THE TWO PARTY PLATFORMS.

AFTER long deliberation the Democratic Convention adopted a platform which completely sustains the view that we have always taken, that the campaign would not be conducted upon the tariff issue. The parties are divided within themselves upon this question, and it is practically removed from the canvass by the pledge of the Republican platform to correct the inequalities of the tariff, and to reduce the surplus without injury to the labor or to the great productive interests of the country; and by the Democratic pledge to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests, and in making reductions not to injure any domestic industry, and by the further pledge that "the necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rates of wages prevailing in this country."

The two positions are practically the same. No tariff issue is raised, and public attention will not be diverted by the platform declarations upon a tariff from the paramount question of personal character and administrative reform. The Democratic platform, also, like the Republican, opposes the importation of foreign labor, or "the admission of servile races unfitted by habits, training, religion, or kindred for absorption into the great body of our people or for the citizenship which our laws confer. American civilization demands that against the immigration or importation of Mongolians to these shores our gates be closed." The Democratic platform favors "honest civil service reform." The Republican platform specifically approves the reform already begun, and demands its extension and the repeal of all laws inconsistent with it. This plank President ELIOT calls the most immoral in the whole platform, because such a declaration becomes a meaningless profession in view of the candidates placed upon it. Any platform profession upon this subject must be estimated by the character and conduct of the candidate who is selected to stand upon it, and Governor CLEVELAND is in himself a platform of actual practical reform.

The Democratic platform is very long, and it touches almost every point of public interest at this time. Collated with the Republican platform, it illustrates the fact of which every intelligent man has been long conscious, that the parties, as such, cohere mainly by tradition and association. That is a situation in which considerations of personal character and purity, courage and independence in administration, become the controlling issues.

THE MULLIGAN LETTERS, ETC.

A CORRESPONDENT in California asks where he can find the story of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad in connection with Mr. BLAINE, and of the MULLIGAN letters. In the spring of 1876, when Mr. BLAINE was a candidate for the Republican nomination at Cincinnati, there were rumors of some extraordinary railroad transactions upon his part, which became so constant and pressing that on the 24th of April he made a statement in the House, supposing the MULLIGAN letters to have been destroyed, which will be found in the *Record* at that time, and which has been often reprinted recently. This statement was accepted by HARPER'S WEEKLY, and by the Republican press and public opinion generally, as entirely satisfactory, in the absence of further evidence. This evidence, however, was furnished by the investigation of a committee of the House, and the minutes of the testimony have been published. The MULLIGAN letters were obtained by Mr. BLAINE from a witness of that name, with the understanding that they were to be returned. He kept them, however, and on the 5th of June, the pressure of public opinion still continuing, he read parts of the letters in the House. A few days afterward the Convention met, and Mr. BLAINE fell ill. The investigation was arrested by his illness, and a report was not submitted.

The campaign of 1876 began immediately, and the subject dropped from the public mind. In 1880 Mr. BLAINE was again a candidate, but as the imminent danger was the third term conspiracy, the MULLIGAN affair did not play a prominent part. In the spring of 1884 Mr. BLAINE'S candidacy was again urged. The old Stalwart power was broken, and public attention was once more turned to his whole career, including the railroad transactions, which were carefully considered, and led to a strong protest against his nomination. Some weeks before the Convention, Mr. BLAINE'S intimate personal friend, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, published a letter in explanation of Mr. BLAINE'S railroad transactions, in the course of which he covertly attacked Mr. EDMUNDS by detailing certain affairs in which he contended that Mr. EDMUNDS was just as guilty as Mr. BLAINE, but affirmed that both were innocent. This produced a curt and conclusive reply from Mr. EDMUNDS, and an exposure of the fallacy of Mr. PHELPS'S defense from the *Evening Post*, to which journal his letter was addressed.

All this correspondence was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 10, 1884, together with two editorial articles, in which the WEEKLY said that the explanation of Mr. PHELPS was not satisfactory. After repeating the charge, the WEEKLY said: "This is the charge against Mr. BLAINE, which the letter of Mr. PHELPS does not explain. . . . Indeed, both the substance and the method of the BLAINE defense show anger and desperation, but not the consciousness of irreproachable conduct." As no satisfactory explanation was ever made, it was impossible that HARPER'S WEEKLY should advocate the election of Mr. BLAINE unless it were willing to urge upon its readers the support of a candidate for the Presidency whose final explanation of matters fatally affecting his official conduct the paper had declared to be unsatisfactory. It is in these various places that our California correspondent must seek the information that he desires. Some time since a committee was appointed by the Young Men's Republican Club in Brooklyn to prepare an authentic statement of the matter, upon which work it is still engaged. Of its conclusion our readers will be duly apprised.

GENERAL LOGAN AND THE ZUÑI INDIANS.

THE Zuñi Indians are a peaceful, stationary, agricultural tribe who have lived for centuries in a valley of New Mexico. In 1877 their reservation was established by an executive order of President HAYES, in accordance with a survey which by mistake left out certain springs which were said to be essential to the value of the Zuñi lands and industry. In 1883 President ARTHUR modified the order so as to include the springs.

In the mean while a son-in-law of General LOGAN and other persons had located and entered some of the land which was subsequently included in the reservation. The executive order, however, should have been the end of the matter, unless there was an intention to deprive the Zuñis of their land. But the correspondent of the *Herald* now states that General LOGAN said in an interview last year that he had seen the lands, and liked them, and would have them if he could get them, and that he has endeavored to have the proclamation giving them to the Zuñis revoked. A letter from Mr. JAMES STEVENSON, of the Geological Survey, is also published, in which he proposes to dam the river, at an expense of $10,000, apparently in order that the Zuñi lands which have been pre-empted may still be diverted from the Indians.

In a letter upon the subject written by General LOGAN to the Chicago *Tribune* some time ago he shows plainly that he does not see why the Zuñis should be preferred as proprietors to loyal citizens; and while the charge that he had "grabbed" enormous tracts of land belonging to the Indians is not sustained, it seems to be clear that he is not averse to the appropriation to other persons of lands allotted to the Indians, which could not have been selected except by an acknowledged error in the survey. It is precisely from the spirit of hostility to the Indians displayed in General LOGAN'S letter to the Chicago *Tribune* that the land-grabbing schemes spring. He has, however, shown that the insinuation that he "tried to steal" land is totally unfounded.

A FOURTH OF JULY GIFT.

THE old-fashioned Fourth of July oration seems in great part to have disappeared. Independence-day is as universal and noisy a holiday as ever, but the glorification of the fathers is generally discontinued. This year the most striking event of the day was not at home, but abroad. It was the formal presentation in Paris of the BARTHOLDI statue of Liberty Enlightening the World to the American Minister in France, and the association of the French government with the event in sign of continued international amity. France on the Fourth of July presents a symbolic statue of Liberty to the United States, and, in the strain of the orators of a hundred years ago, it may be said that the august shades of Washington and Lafayette smile upon the auspicious scene.

It is, however, remarkable that a people so full of patriotism and of sentiment as we hold ourselves to be should show ourselves so singularly indifferent to this gift. The Revolutionary alliance and friendship with France is a tradition which we are fond of repeating, but it is undeniable that since the days of Jefferson and Napoleon, when France and England were both involved with American politics, there has been very little actual association with France upon our part, or even any especial sympathy with her political life. The weakness of the sentiment is shown by the indifference to the project of the statue. In fact, our attitude has been that of a person troubled and half vexed by the demonstrativeness of a very sentimental neighbor.

The French visit at the centenary of Yorktown was interesting, but it was an occasion of limited interest, and except for the official participation of the government, it is evident that the actual feeling of the country would not have carried it off successfully. Indeed, nations, as such, are in respect of mutual feeling much like corporations. All the gratitude for French aid and recognition after the surrender of Burgoyne did not prevent a readiness to go to war with France at the close of the century; nor has it ever served to relax American insistence upon payment of the French claims. The ceremony in Paris the other day, however, and the kindly expressions of feeling upon both sides, were pleasant reminiscences of the time when France helped the struggling colonies; and in the midst of so agreeable an interchange of sentiment it would have been uncourteous to suggest that it was not from love of America or in approval of rebellion that France befriended us, but from quite another motive. Happily, the form of the service and its immense value have obscured the fact. It is enough that France was our good friend and ally, and that now, as a republic, she offers to the American republic a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

THE VETO OF THE GENERAL PORTER BILL.

The veto of the Fitz-John Porter bill was sustained by the Senate, and the bill is therefore lost. It has seemed to us that reflection and new testimony had demonstrated the judgment against General Porter to be unjust, and we had hoped for the reparation which this bill afforded. The President, indeed, in the veto message does not discuss the merits of the case, and his previous official removal of disabilities imposed by the court-martial seems to show that he thinks General Porter to have been treated with undue severity. That this is General Grant's opinion, who was formerly very hostile to General Porter, is well known, and his favorable judgment, with that of the recent court of inquiry, must necessarily have great weight with the country upon such a subject, because comparatively few persons can have made a thorough study of the evidence in the case.

The message holds that the law authorizing the President to nominate General Porter to a colonelcy in the army is unconstitutional because it is an invasion of the prerogative of the President, and therefore ought to be vetoed, or it is a mere offer of advice, and therefore ought not to encumber the statute-books. It is, however, obviously not an invasion of the Presidential prerogative, because the bill merely "authorizes" the Executive to take a certain course if he thinks fit to do so. It does not assume to be mandatory. It is, in effect, a solemn official declaration by Congress that it thinks a great injustice has been done to an officer of the United States army, of which the President is commander-in-chief, and that it hopes his judgment and conviction will induce him to rectify it. The other objection of the message, that if the bill be merely advisory, it should not encumber the statutes, is not forcible, in view of the fact that Congress frequently addresses recommendations and requests to the executive departments when it has no authority to command.

The further objection, that the judgment of a court-martial ought to be considered final, is also removed by the consideration that the law does not so consider it, because it permits a pardon, and by the further fact that the President in this very case has not so considered it, as his remission of penalties shows. If the judgment were to be held as rightfully final, it is plain that for the offense of which General Porter was convicted the penalty was not excessive. The President, however, must have thought it so, or he would not have lightened it, and if he thought it so, it was, of course, because he did not hold the judgment to be quite just. But if it may be properly reversed in part, it may be set aside altogether for adequate reasons. We wish that the President could have taken another view of his duty.

MISS ANNA ELLA CARROLL.

In reply to a recent suggestion in the Weekly, we have received a copy of the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in the third session of the Forty-sixth Congress upon the claim of Miss Anna Ella Carroll. It is too long to reprint, but it sets forth in detail the various services of Miss Carroll, especially in planning the Tennessee campaign, and after stating that the committees of the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-fourth Congresses reported or placed on record the conclusion that the claim was "incontestably established," the report says:

> "The committee believe that the thanks of the nation are due to Miss Carroll, and that they are fully justified in recommending that she be placed on the pension rolls of the government, as a partial measure of recognition for her public service, and report herewith a bill for such purpose, and recommend its passage."

Four times this claim has been justified and urged. It has the testimony of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Wade, and a host of the most illustrious men of the war, and Miss Carroll has waited nearly twenty years for the action of Congress.

Because she was a woman it was thought best to conceal her authorship of the Tennessee plan, which, for the same reason, she was asked to present unsigned. Those who might have been most serviceable to her are gone. But it is understood that the Grand Army of the Republic will take up the subject at their encampment during this month.

THE GREAT WORK OF THE TIME.

An eloquent and vigorous tribute to the popular demand for reform in the civil service was paid by Mr. McKelway, the editor of the Albany *Argus*, in the peroration of his oration at Albany on the Fourth of July, which was a historical study of the part taken by New York "in making and saving the Union." The indissolubility of the Union, free trade between the States, and the unwritten law against a third term, Mr. McKelway holds to have been the three chief victories of the views of New York in the foundation of the national government. These were great achievements, and the maintenance of the Union and manhood suffrage were great achievements. But the orator forcibly remarks that other great results are to be achieved:

> "The historian of the future will declare that the exigent work of 1884 and of the years immediately following it was the settlement of the civil service of our government on business principles. A nation of thirty-eight States and sixty millions of people will extirpate the spoils system as thoroughly as it extirpated slavery. It will do it by the agencies of peace. The work may take time and trouble, but it will be done. A people who conduct their private enterprises on the merit system will conduct their government business, local, State, and national, on that system too. The millions who do not want office are in sympathy with the reform purposes led by the wisest politicians and most conscientious statesmen of both parties. They are resolved that law—not caprice, nor favoritism, nor cabals of partisans—shall man the business service of the government; that law shall govern removal from as well as appointment to the general service of the nation; and that, while politics shall have its place and force in the offices affecting the policy of a government intrusted to parties, the ordinary business work, manual and clerical, done in the departments of that government shall be done by men not chosen by partisans, not removable by partisans, and not permitted to act as partisans in their positions. As truly as independence was the rallying cry and cause of the Revolution, as truly as the Union and liberty were the mastering motives of the nation in the war against secession and slavery, so truly is civil service reform the growing purpose of a people whose thoughtful citizens are as determined to achieve deliverance from the spoils system as their fathers were to achieve freedom from the remoter tyranny of a foreign king."

THE NEW FOREIGN MINISTERS.

In the recent nominations for foreign diplomatic missions the President has shown his regard for the service and for the sound principles which should govern all such selections. Mr. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, who goes as Minister to Germany, is an eminent and accomplished public man who has already served with distinction and with satisfaction to the government at Vienna, and who is peculiarly fitted for a high diplomatic post. Mr. Alphonso M. Taft, of Ohio, is promoted from Vienna to St. Petersburg, and will take with him to his new sphere of duty the regard and respect which he has won in the old.

Mr. John M. Francis, of New York, is transferred from Portugal to Austria. He also has experience in the foreign service, having been Minister to Greece before his appointment to Portugal. Mr. Francis is the senior editor and proprietor of the Troy *Times*, a sturdy Republican journal, which is also among the best newspapers in the State. A man of hearty, generous nature, and a thoroughly loyal American, Mr. Francis is sure to make the legation at Vienna what he and his accomplished wife have made the other legations at which he has resided, a delightful American home. Mr. Lewis Richmond, of Rhode Island, succeeds Mr. Francis in Portugal. Mr. Richmond also has been in the foreign service, as Consul and Consul-General, and he is also a gentleman of fitting experience and qualifications for the post, and in the domestic circle of the Portuguese legation, as in that of Vienna, the most exacting American will forget that he is abroad.

Happily it is not often that our foreign ministers are called upon to conduct critical or threatening negotiations. The chief service of our legations is to maintain that friendly social understanding which, upon proper occasion, by prompt and timely statement and explanation, obviates the necessity of more difficult treatment. They are also national centres for the throng of travelling Americans; and when, as in the case of the recent appointments, they are placed under competent and experienced chiefs, they fulfill an admirable service to the country.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

The whole number of Presidential electors this year will be 401, of which 201 are necessary to a choice. It is computed that Mr. Blaine will certainly receive 164 of them. The doubtful States are New York, with 36 votes; Massachusetts, 14; New Hampshire, 6; Connecticut, 6; Indiana, 15; West Virginia, 6; New Jersey, 9. The vote of New York is of immense importance to the result. Mr. Blaine could be elected without New York if he should carry most of the other doubtful States. But a Democratic nomination which would secure New York would probably secure Connecticut and Indiana. It is a significant and suggestive fact that Massachusetts must be classed among the doubtful States, and so classed because of the open protest of an immense body of the most pronounced and respectable Republicans in the State. Such a public protest implies a deep and strong feeling also among those who will not proclaim it, but who will express it at the polls.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Spurgeon on his fiftieth birthday was interviewed at length. He was found to be as strong as ever in his antipathy to the Established Church, calling it "a great and crying injustice to all those who do not belong to it." In theology he stands where he did when he began preaching, *i. e.*, where Calvin stood in his maturer years. "It is the Calvinistic way of looking at things which causes my sermons to have such an acceptance in Scotland, in Holland, and even in the Transvaal, where a recent traveller expressed his astonishment at finding translations of them lying beside the family Bible in the farmstead." The efficacy of prayer has become not a matter of faith with him, but of knowledge and every-day experience. "I am constantly witnessing the most remarkable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them." Every member who has joined his church is expected to do something for his fellow-men. The theatre exerts a powerful influence, introducing young men to what is called gayety, and familiarizing young women with things not calculated to preserve their modesty. "So far as I know, no person would think of going to a theatre unless he was prepared to sever his connection with us. I preach a Calvinistic creed and a Puritanic morality."

—Speaking from experience, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain declares that there is no surer way of promoting the happiness of the blind than to enable them, as far as possible, to live the same life as those who can see, sharing the same joys, cheered by the same sounds, invigorated by the same exercise; and that no greater mistake can be made than to aggregate the adult blind in large masses, thus separating them from all the indescribable joys and pleasures of home life.

—The most noticeable things in Friesland are the golden helmets of the women, which fit so closely to the heads that none of the hair is seen. They are usually heirlooms, and are worth about one hundred and fifty dollars each.

—The inns of Kampen, in Holland, display this sign: "The *table d'hôte* is at 4 P.M.: we can not and will not be bothered with cooking before that, and there is nothing cold in the house." Travellers who arrive at noon hear of no such thing as luncheon.

—Lady Brassey writes: It is extraordinary how life on the Nile grows upon me. I had always felt inclined to pity people whom I have heard of as passing weeks or even months on board a dahabeeyah, and had feared that we should find our little expedition rather monotonous. But each day has been more enjoyable than the last. There is a subtle charm in the atmosphere of the valley of the Nile, which can not be described, a spirit of enchantment which still lingers where the great pulse of the world throbbed centuries and centuries ago. I am sorry to say that even the Bedouins are beginning to wear Scotch woollen shawls, instead of enveloping their heads in the hoods of their white burnooses. It is a deplorable exchange of the picturesque and beautiful for the commonplace but useful.

—The Khedive's sister, the Princess Mansour, recently gave a breakfast to a European traveller, who says that the meal had courses enough for a dinner. In the centre of the room was a large circular velvet carpet embroidered with gold. The table was octangular, the cloth was an embroidered velvet, and the napkins were worked with gold thread. The *menu* was soup, roast turkey, calf's head stuffed with force-meat, pilau of rice and raisins, macaroni cheese, kabobs of mutton on skewers, asparagus *à l'huile*, pancakes, cream-rice tart, pastry and jam, milk of almonds in a bowl with pistachio-nuts (eaten with tortoise-shell spoons), cheese, ices, and small cakes and coffee. The order was as given.

—Mr. Moody has closed the meetings which for the last eight months he has held daily in London. He said it was a good thing for the converts to have them closed, for otherwise they would be relying upon them alone for spiritual sustenance. They should learn to be self-reliant. Revival services were well enough, but it was "unhealthy to keep on at them."

—Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the mind-reader, has been trying his gifts on certain members of the House of Commons in the smoking-room of that institution. He asked Mr. Gladstone to think of a particular number, and after this was done, Mr. Cumberland guessed that it was 366; his guess was correct. Another distinguished person thought of the number 41,049, which Mr. Cumberland guessed also. He made no mistakes in the series of experiments.

—Ex-Minister Sargent on landing in New York looked fresh and strong after his tussle with Bismarck, who wants to keep the American pig out of Germany. The German Chancellor, he says, is on the verge of the grave, and so are the Emperor William and Count von Moltke, and their departure will greatly strain the government. "The spirit of the German nation is liberal. The professors of the colleges are liberals, and the learned men generally. The merchants, bankers, and manufacturers are also liberals."

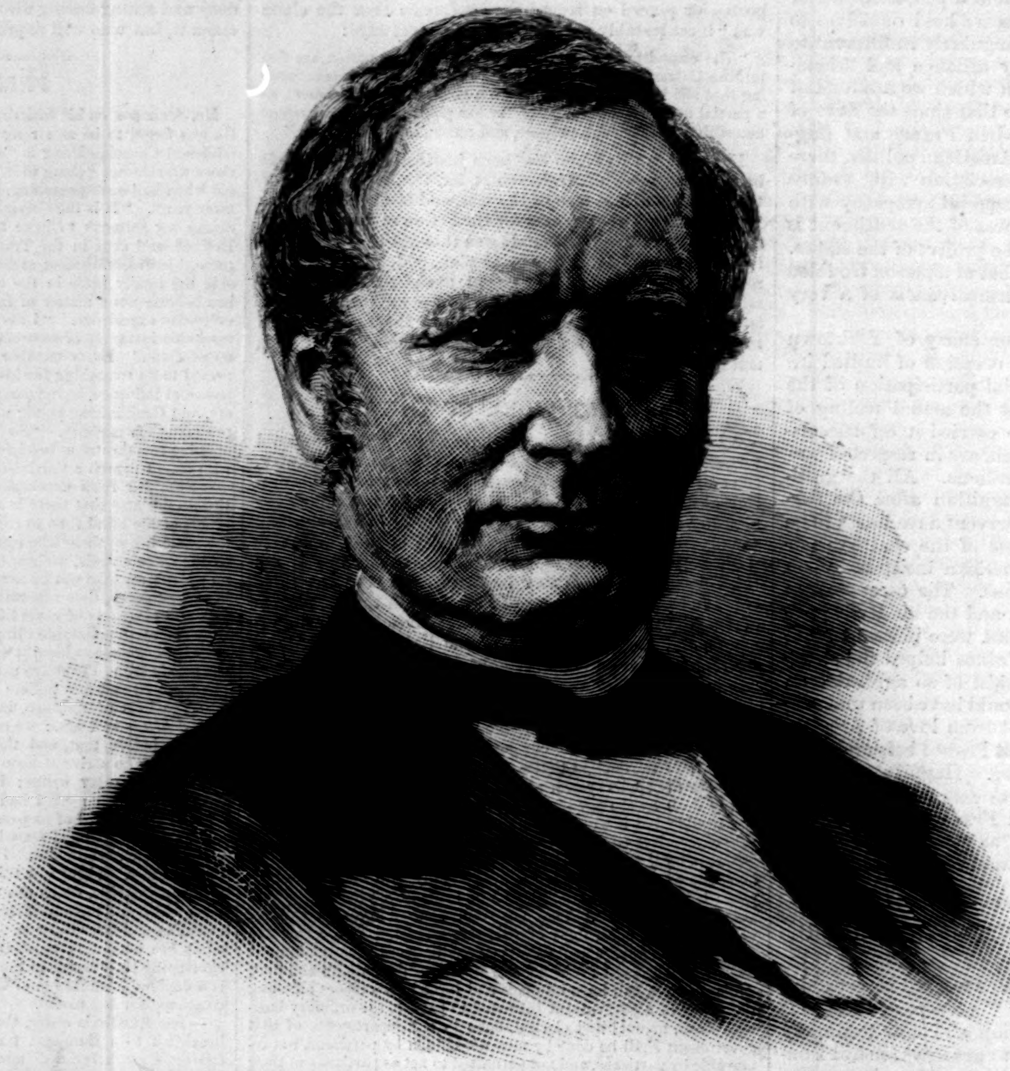
—Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, refuses to talk politics, and promises to take no active part in the campaign other than "the citizen's part of casting my vote for the candidate of my choice." The Mayor is loath to antagonize any of his supporters, who elected him, not as a political candidate, but as a man who would reform the municipal administration.

—Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, who has the finest villa at Newport, and one of the costliest collections of pictures in this country, has turned from architecture and painting to archæology, and will send Dr. William Hayes Ward, with a party of explorers, to Babylon. If Miss Wolfe cares for celebrity, she has chosen a sure and short road to it. Her name will enter into literature at once, and will stay there.

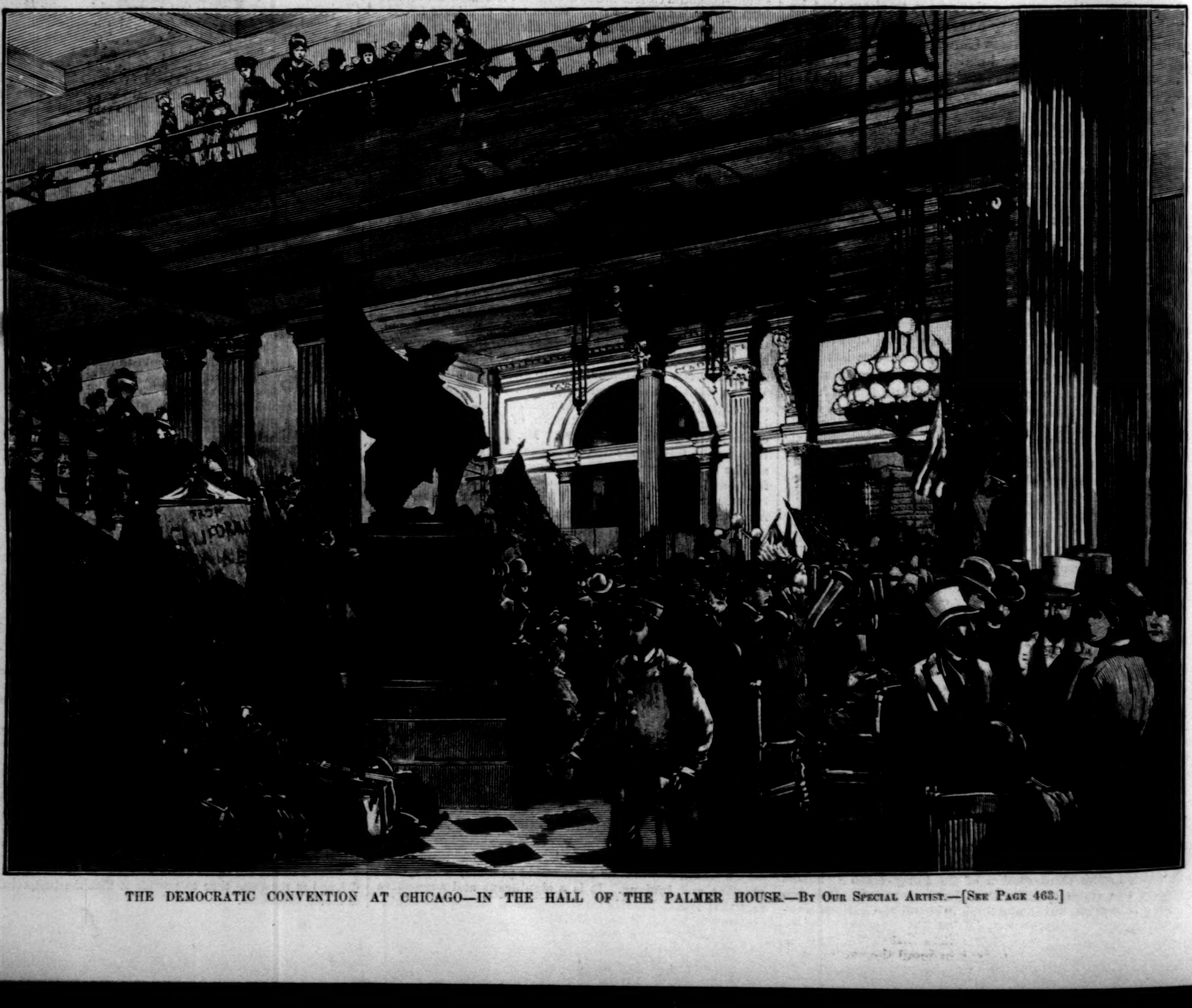
—A gentleman who has studied the criminal classes for twenty-five years, and lived among them, reports that the cleverest forger he ever knew was a pretended clergyman, whose history would fill a volume, who forged documents which enabled him to preach, to marry people, to become the chaplain of an emigrant ship, and to perform all the functions of his sacred office, but who got seven years' penal servitude at last. He was a good scholar, excessively polite, polished in speech, but crafty, false, and ungrateful beyond degree.

—Three prizes were awarded to competing architects for the National Monument to Garfield at Cleveland, Ohio, of which we gave a picture last week. Besides Mr. George Keller, of Hartford, Connecticut, whose design was successful, Messrs. C. F. & J. A. Schweinfurth, of Cleveland, and Messrs. Moffatt & Doyle, of New York, were among the competitors, and received respectively the second and third prizes.

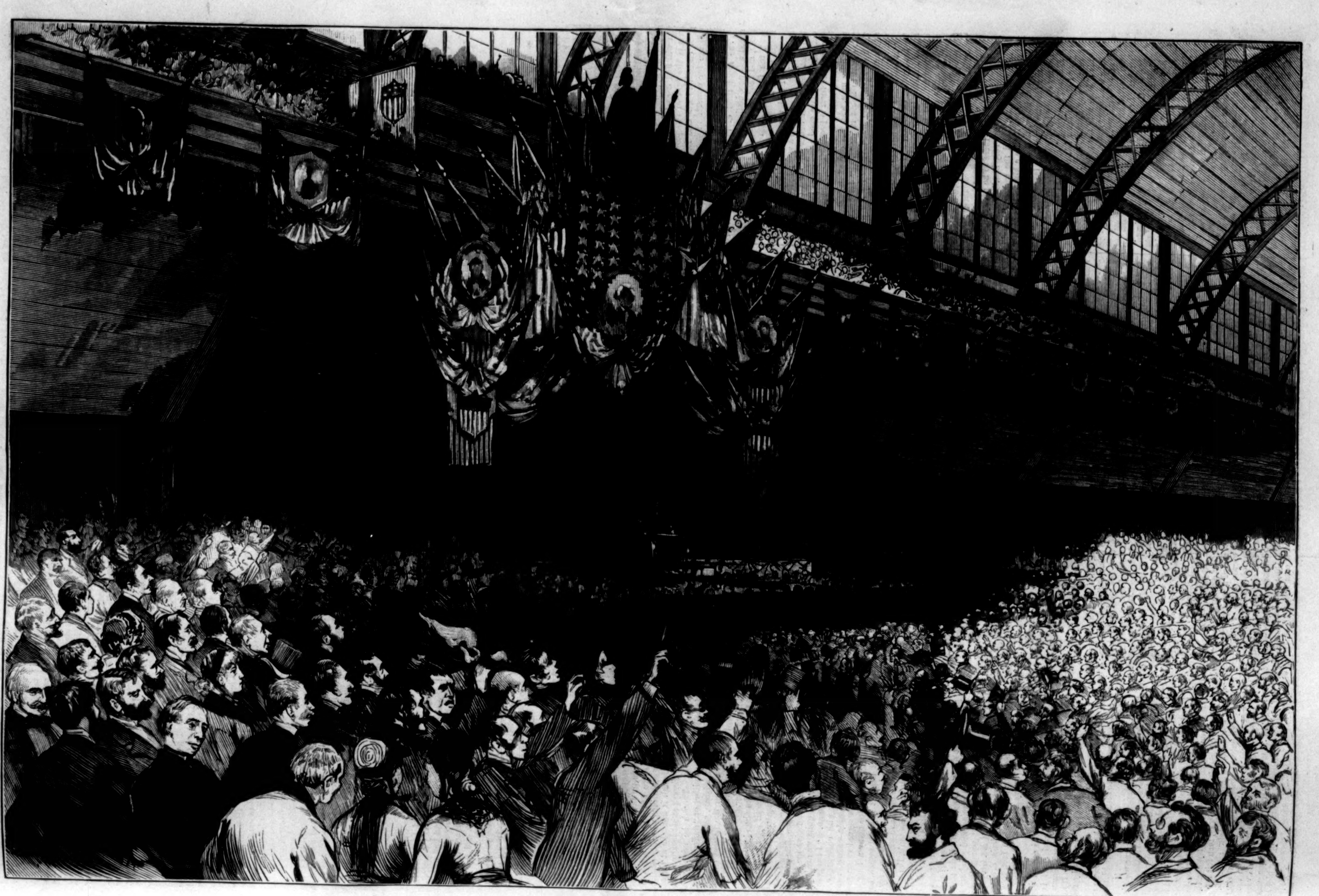
—A certain correspondence between the stage of Covent Garden Theatre and that of the Metropolitan Opera-house might have foreshadowed the selection of Mr. Gye, of the former institution, as manager of the latter. It will at least make Mr. Gye's task easier if he finds himself able to transfer the scenery and appointments of the Covent Garden Theatre to the Metropolitan Opera-house, and to set them up in their places without much fitting. He ought to be able to run the Opera-house at less expense than Mr. Abbey did, and at the same time to provide it with the best vocal and dramatic attractions.



THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—IN THE HALL OF THE PALMER HOUSE.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—CHEERING THE NOMINATION OF CLEVELAND.—By Our Special Artist.—[See Page 463.]

UNDER A MICROSCOPE.

Our ears are dull, our eyes are blind;
We are deaf to hidden sounds that float,
Like subtle music in the mind,
Through summer noons; we are remote
From beauty that has shape and place
In the secret earth and air; we trace
Beauty in old, familiar things—
The color of a rose, the grace
Of an oriole's wings.

Yet we are wiser than we seem:
Nature, that gave us human sight,
Gave us thought to pierce the dream
Which is our life, our day and night—
Strong, eager thought that quickens sense
With its divining instruments;
And thus, while we are blind, we see
Deep into darkness, nature's dense
Obscurity.

We watch through some enchanted glass
The breadth and splendor of the skies,
And mark the yellow suns that pass
In luminous shadow orbitwise.
Then, turning from their lights, we view
A strange world in a drop of dew,
A world where patient creatures live,
Each with his mite of vital breath,
That war together, hate, forgive,
And toil till death.

Looking at these, I see a life
Full of wild enchantment, forms
Fantastic in their puny strife,
Glowing like radiant arcs in storms—
Rich harmonies of hue and lines,
Delicate textures, quaint designs,
That hint of woods, and flowers, and trees,
Of wonders locked in fathomed brines
And unknown seas.

George Edgar Montgomery.

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," "At Fault," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"PHAETON'S LEGER."

The chains are up on Doncaster Town Moor, and although the sun has not yet topped the horizon, through the dull gray of the early morning a knot of half a dozen people might have been discerned grouped around the famous winning-post.

"You are sure you have made no mistake, Greyson?" said a tall, slight, saturnine man of forty or thereabouts.

"No, sir," replied the trainer. "I have measured them at home, I think, pretty correctly; and you will find it as I tell you, that though Caterham is the best of the pair, the other is about good enough to win this Leger with. But you will see for yourself in another minute. I can just catch the beat of their gallop; they must have reached the Red House by this."

The rapid thud of horses advancing at full speed was now distinctly audible; a few seconds more, and four horses flashed past the winning-post, the foremost with a three-quarters of a length lead.

"It's as I told you, sir," exclaimed Greyson, the trainer. "Caterham's won; but you can see he's not very much better than Phaeton. The old horse, too, is a good third; and that shows you that the form is pretty true."

"Oh, Lord, what a *coup!*" exclaimed a short, pursy little man, who was one of the spectators. "It ought to about make all our fortunes. To think of having the first favorite for the Leger, and a second string in the stable good enough to win with!"

"It looks like good business, Sam, doesn't it? To bet against Caterham and trickle our money on to Phaeton is our game for the next forty-eight hours. The only thing is, old man, that all this wants doing with a good deal of care. Remember, Caterham must remain first favorite till the fall of the flag, and therefore our hostile demonstration must not be too pronounced; while as for Phaeton, although we must back him to win a big stake, I want there to be pretty liberal odds against him till the very last."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the trainer, "but do you mean to give the Squire a hint of this? It's notorious, you know, that Mr. Rockingham has backed the favorite for a very large stake—"

"Let my cousin look to himself," replied Cuthbert Elliston, bitterly. "If he had stood to me last year I should have felt bound to give him a hint of the way things stand; as it is, let him take his chance with the public generally."

"Take the horses home, Tom, as quietly as you can," said the trainer, as the four competitors in the trial walked up to him. "It was about all out of Caterham, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Greyson. I'd nothing much in hand; 'twas just about as much as I could do to get rid of Phaeton at the finish; and, what is more, I fancy he stays just a bit the best of the two."

A very nice trio were the three men who, the trial over, walked back from the town moor to breakfast at the Salutation that Monday morning before the Leger. Cuthbert Elliston, the first cousin of Alister Rockingham, lord of Cranley Chase, was about as evil a specimen of a gentleman blackleg as it was possible to encounter. It was the old story; a man of moderate means, he had gambled fiercely and wildly, and the pigeon of early days was now transformed into the unmistakable rook. All feeling of honor was dead in the man's nature, and in the tactics either of the turf or the card-table there was very little that he would shrink from. He might hesitate about concealing the king up his sleeve at *écarté*, but he would have had no scruples about pursuing that game with an antagonist half-bemused by wine. Similarly on the turf; as long as he escaped the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club he was utterly unprincipled in his proceedings. He and Mr. Sam Pearson, attorney at law, were the joint proprietors of a few horses, and trained at William Greyson's, a clever man in his profession, but with a somewhat shady reputation. As it so happened they were this year joint proprietors of a colt called Caterham, which, having won the Two Thousand and finished third for the Derby, was, owing to the going amiss of one of his Epsom conquerors and the non-entrance of the other in the Doncaster race, now first favorite for the Leger. And that the British public were likely to have an extremely bad race of it the trial we have seen and the conversation we have overheard pretty clearly indicate.

Arrived at the Salutation, the three sat down to a regular Yorkshire breakfast, a thing which, an you are a breakfast eater, is by no means to be despised, and over the broiled ham and game pie as delectable a robbery as was ever concocted at Doncaster—and this, by-the-way, is saying no little—was planned.

It is the day of the great race, and the crowd are pouring up the avenue that leads to the famous moor, upon which for more than a century the Blue Ribbon of the North has been decided. The street preachers shriek forth their vehement denunciations side by side with the three-card men hoarsely vociferating that you do not name the Queen of Clubs for "a croon." The quiet Yorkshire town is in that furious state of ferment that only occurs to it once a year, when train after train disgorges its hundreds, all ravenous for food, drink, and a bet on the Leger. Caterham would win. How could there be any doubt of it? He had beaten everything that was going to oppose him, with the exception of some two or three dark colts, of which little was expected. If ever there was a race upon which it seemed really judicious to back the favorite, this was it. And yet the pertinacity with which the ring fielded was wondrous strange.

"There's as much seven to four going as ever you please to write down," said a veteran sportsman. "I don't understand it, Rockingham. I can't help thinking there's a screw loose. The ring would hardly field like this unless they knew something. Going by public form, it ought to be two to one *on* Caterham. I can't, for the life of me, see what the book-makers are going for. They are like sheep, we all know, and only let three or four of the magnates of the mystic circle make up their minds to bet heavily against a horse, and the smaller fry follow suit with wonderful rapidity. This outsider, Phaeton, who is in the same stable as the favorite, is nibbled at a good deal. I saw some cleverish men backing him last night, and again this morning. I tell you what it is, Rockingham, I shall just go and take the odds about him to save myself. Like you, I stand pretty heavily on the favorite, and don't fancy being spilt when they're winning with their second string."

"Nonsense, Archcliffe; it's little likely that they have got anything better than the winner of the Guineas in their stable. No; if Bill Greyson takes the Leger it will be with Caterham. I am standing him a raker, and I mean standing him out."

A tall, good-looking man is Alister Rockingham. Although he is turned of fifty, and his hair is shot with silver, he is a handsome man still; but his face is haggard and care-worn, and his lips twitch slightly as he thinks how heavy the stake is that Caterham carries for him. A more unblenching gambler than Alister Rockingham never cut card or rattled dice, but he can not help twinges of remorse at times when he remembers the broad, unencumbered acres that came to him at twenty-one, and reflects how wofully mortgaged his son will find them when he in his turn shall succeed. Ah! would he succeed? It was almost a question, and the next hour would materially assist in solving that riddle.

There was quite a little knot of spectators to see the favorite make his toilet for the great race. A right good-looking one, apparently as fit as hands could make him. Few troubled themselves to look at his stable companion, although Phaeton would not have been pronounced a bad-looking colt had Caterham been out of the way.

"I suppose the colt is all right, Greyson?" observed Cuthbert Elliston, meaningly.

"Quite so, sir," replied the trainer; "and Phaeton did such a good gallop yesterday morning that he is quite worth backing for a trifle on the off chance."

The roar of the blatant book-makers waxes more and more furious as three o'clock approaches, and the starters for the Leger pace slowly in Indian file pass the grand stand. A few minutes more, and turning round they come thundering back in their preliminary canter. Nothing moves better than the favorite, and many an onlooker dashes back into the ring to make a modest investment on Caterham. At last the roar of the ring is hushed, and all heads are craned forward to gaze upon that gaudy little knot of silken jackets that are congregated at the foot of the slight incline that marks the commencement of the great Doncaster race. Two or three breaks-away, and then the fourteen runners for the St. Leger are dispatched, and the dark blue jacket of Phaeton is almost immediately seen in the van.

"Making running for his stable companion," exclaim the multitude.

"Strangling the lot," murmured Cuthbert Elliston to his partner, Sam Pearson. "Old Greyson would never put the double upon us?"

"No; it's right enough, you may depend upon it. If Phaeton don't win it it'll be because he's not quite good enough; but anyhow you may rest assured that whatever does win it won't be Caterham. I've seen to that *myself*."

All along the far side, down away past the rifle butts, the dark blue jacket leads the field a cracker. Still the backers of the favorite have no cause as yet to feel uncomfortable. He bears his straw banner bravely in front of the ruck, and now they come thundering round the Red House turn. The dark blue jacket holds a clear three lengths lead as they come into the straight, and suddenly arises that fatal shout which has made many a backer shiver ere now.

"The favorite's beat—the favorite's out of it;" and through his glasses Alister Rockingham can see that the wearer of the straw-colored jacket is already hard upon his horse in the endeavor to keep his place. They are racing in real earnest now, and a very few strides more sees Caterham completely done with. One, two, three horses emerge from the ruck, and one after the other strives to get up to the leader; but the blue jacket stalls off each successive challenge, and finally glides past the winning-post half a length to the good.

Phaeton has won the St. Leger, while the favorite was not even amongst the first four.

"By Jove, what a *coup!*" exclaimed Cuthbert Elliston, as he slapped his turf partner on the shoulder.

"Yes," replied Pearson, who was already running his eye rapidly over his betting-book; "but I'll tell you what: it's my impression, Elliston—it's my impression this will about finish your cousin. How deeply he's involved no one can know better than myself. I've had to manage the raising of the sinews of war, as you know, for some years now; but I fancy that I've never had a more troublesome job than I shall have to find the money for next Monday."

"Bah!" rejoined Elliston; "he has a couple of days yet to get home in."

"Get home!" returned the attorney, with a sneer; "you and I know what that means. How often does any one get out of the scrape that way? while the ease with which one's liabilities are doubled is simply miraculous."

It was with a weary smile that Alister Rockingham dropped his race glasses back into their case. He was a good loser, and might have sardonically exclaimed, "If I am not, I wonder who should be. I've been practicing it steadily for the last thirty years, and if I stop now it's simply because there's nothing left to lose." No one but himself knew how terribly hard hit he was by the race just won. Plenty of his friends knew that he had backed Caterham heavily; but even Sam Pearson, his solicitor, had no idea what a tremendous plunge he had made upon this race, with a view to recovering his losses on a most disastrous season. Had he known the extent to which his client was involved, it is more than probable that, despite his partner, Pearson would have given the Squire of Cranley Chase a hint about Phaeton; but though the solicitor could take his own line very fairly, there was a savage concentration about Cuthbert Elliston that made men rather shy of quarrelling with him. He had taken causeless umbrage at Alister Rockingham's refusal to help him pecuniarily a twelvemonth ago; but, in good truth, Rockingham had no money to spare, and was almost as hard pressed as his cousin.

As Rockingham descended from the stand, a slight, handsome, dark-eyed youth dashed up to him, with a face brimming over with pleasure and excitement, and exclaimed:

"What a ripping race it was, father, wasn't it? And only think, I have won twenty-eight sovereigns over it, and got it!"

"Why, where did you get your inspiration, Gerald?"

"Well, mine came directly from old Joseph, our coachman; but who on earth put him up to the fact of Phaeton being a good thing I really have no idea. I got twenty-eight pound to two from one of these ready-money men, and he booked up like a gentleman as soon as the race was over."

I wonder if it is possible to imagine a grimmer contrast than this man who has just experienced Fortune's finishing blow affords to the bright-eyed Harrow boy who has just won his first stake over that most fascinating of all amusements, the backing of race-horses. Ruined Alister Rockingham was before Phaeton swept past the winning-post; but even he himself as yet hardly realizes what a thorough crash it is that has befallen him. It is the very acme of Fate. Here is young Gerald, who has just left Harrow and is going up to Cambridge next month, exulting over the winning of twenty-eight sovereigns, with an inheritance of ten thousand a year departed from him on the same race.

CHAPTER II.

DOLLIE GREYSON.

In Coney Street, York, dwelt a prosperous haberdasher of the name of Greyson. He was a man excessively popular not only in York itself, but with all the country families round about the city. Gloves, shirts, neck-ties, all the gentlemen of the district vowed could be obtained at no other place than Greyson's. Thomas Greyson did a roaring trade, and was a warm man in his vocation. He was brother to that William Greyson the trainer who had prepared Caterham and Phaeton for the Leger. Though excellent friends, the brothers met but seldom—their paths in life diverged widely; but constantly through the shop in Coney Street flitted a fair-haired little maiden, who answered to the name of Dollie, and who was the daughter of William Greyson. It was not in the least that she was an apprentice in her uncle's shop; what service she chose to give there she did. When time ran heavy, and she got a little tired of her own society, then Dollie would flit into the shop, and take her turn in selling gloves over the counter; and it was notable that when Miss Greyson did take this business in hand the young bloods of York were apt to be rather lavish in their orders with regard to gloves and neck-ties. Dollie Greyson was staying with her uncle mainly for this reason. Masters were attainable in York, which, of course, was not the case on Riddleton Moor, and in spite of a somewhat questionable turf career, Bill Greyson loved his daughter very, very dearly, and was anxious, to use his own expression, that she should have the advantage of "the very best training" money could give her.

A slight, auburn-haired girl, just turned seventeen, Dollie Greyson was no more ignorant of her own attractions than her sisterhood generally. She knew that she was pretty, and she knew that she was nice, and that gentlemen rather appreciated having their gloves fitted by her; but of all her admirers there was, perhaps, none Dollie liked so well as young Gerald Rockingham, the heir of Cranley Chase. A perfectly boy and girl love if you like, but school-boys, and school-girls too, for the matter of that, catch the complaint, though not quite so sharply as their elders. From her antecedents it may easily be believed that Miss Greyson could ride, as they say, "above a bit." She had, in fact, lived in the saddle almost from childhood, and had been accustomed at home to ride all sorts of awkward animals. If there was one thing old Bill Greyson was proud of it was his daughter's witching horsemanship. He never seemed to recognize any danger to her on whatever he might put her, and was wont to say when one of his charges turned awkward with the boys, "We'll just hand him over to Dollie for a month. He'll be quiet enough by that time, I'll warrant." We all know what the delicate hand of an accomplished horsewoman can make of a horse, and it really was marvellous how many of these unruly youngsters Dollie Greyson had succeeded in teaching manners to. Now if there was one thing Miss Greyson missed in York it was her accustomed horse exercise. Her uncle kept no horseflesh of any description, and the few opportunities she had had of indulging her taste in that line had been through Gerald Rockingham. Gerald had more than once either hired or borrowed a horse, and taken the girl out for a day with the York and Ainstey, and the wild excitement of those gallops made Dollie's pulses tingle even now. Gerald in those cases acted as escort and pilot, and all the hunting men had a kindly word for the heir of Cranley Chase and Dollie Greyson, the trainer's daughter, who both rode so straight and went so well. They were mere boy and girl at present, and it never occurred to Alister Rockingham, any more than it did to any other of the veterans of the hunt, that there might be a love romance springing up under their noses. Gerald at present ordered his fair companion about in that peculiarly off-hand fashion that young gentlemen of his age are wont to employ to girls of their own standing. He made no bones about calling her stupid, and was more apt to call her a little "duffer" than to sympathize with her when she got into trouble, though it must be at the same time added that he always stood loyally to Dollie in her misfortunes. Though he might permit himself to use the epithet of "duffer" when Miss Greyson met with mishap, yet to any one else Gerald would have given the flattest contradiction, and vowed there was never a girl in Yorkshire to compare with her.

It is high change at the shop in Coney Street, and Thomas Greyson, himself busy at the counting desk, is doing a thriving trade the week after the big Doncaster race.

"Fifteen and six, Mr. Greyson, fifteen and six, that's what it cooms to. Just give me four and six out of the poound, and quits we are," said a rubicund burly Yorkshireman. "I suppose the old shop is joost running with champagne, and when you go to rest you simply wallow in sovereigns. Your brother aren't served us up such a startler on the toon moor for many a long year. I got the hint at the last moment myself, and a hoondred to seven once was good enough for this child. I'd a good race of it, and what with drinking old Bill's health and Phaeton's, I'm a little foggy yet as to where we've got in the week."

"Mighty glad to hear it, Mr. Crofton. My brother, like yourself, had, I fancy, a pretty good race of it. At all events, he's given the girl there a pretty smart dress. Look at the little peacock fluttering her plumes around, and prinking herself out for the benefit of that young Rockingham! They do say," continued Mr. Greyson, in a low whisper, "that the Squire's dropped a power of brass over the race. In fact, they say there's no such heavy loser at Doncaster this year as him."

"Aye, I've heard as mooch, and sorry I was to hear it, too. He's one of the real soort is the Squire. A real good and straight sportsman, but he's always been a terrible bould bettor. It won't be the fust time he's burnt his fingers by many, I reckon."

Thomas Greyson shook his head in mute reply as he turned away to attend to another customer's account.

It must not be supposed from her uncle's remark that Dollie Greyson was a smartly dressed coquettish shop girl. Trim and prettily attired she always was, and quiet and modest in her manner as if born a lady; very self-possessed; and if the girl smiled at the gallant speeches occasionally made her, no one of Tom Greyson's customers would ever have thought of overstepping the Rubicon with his niece. She was, men felt intuitively, not a young woman to talk slang to. Although only a trainer's daughter, well as she rode, and brought up much as she had been amongst horses, yet no one ever heard Dollie talk "horse," and in that one particular alone she was immensely in advance of maidens of far higher station than herself. If some of these damsels only knew the rubbish they do talk on that subject, and how they bore us, surely they would be more merciful.

A pretty golden-haired little girl, with the neatest of figures, tiniest of hands and feet, and longest of eyelashes, Dollie Greyson, as she stands at the counter, nominally turning over gloves for his inspection, but in reality chattering with Gerald Rockingham, by no means warrants the epithet of "little peacock," which her uncle has applied to her. She is attired in a soft gray serge, trimmed with braid to match, with snowy collar and cuffs. William Greyson, who loved his daughter better than anything in this world, had sent her, not a dress, but a pretty check, "to buy fallals for herself," as he expressed it, wisely concluding that a girl's millinery was a little beyond his comprehension; though the old trainer was wont to asseverate, "I don't know how it's done; but, blame me, I do know whether they're turned out all right when I see 'em, and mean my girl to look as fit as any of 'em, I tell you."

Gerald is telling Miss Greyson all about the race, and relating with all a school-boy's glee how he won twenty-eight pounds over Phaeton, and finally he produces from his pocket a little morocco case, and handing it across the counter, says, in a low voice:

"You must wear that, Dollie, just to remind you of me and the cheery gallops we have had together."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed the girl, as she opened the case, drew from it a pretty diamond and emerald half-hoop ring, and slipped it on her finger. "How good of you, Gerald; but what nonsense to think I should want anything to remind me of you! Is it likely?"

"I hope not. Say it's to remind you of Phaeton's Leger. Say it's an 'engaged ring,' if you like."

"If you talk like that, Gerald, I won't keep it," returned Dollie, her face flushing slightly, and speaking seriously. "I like you very much, am very fond of you; but don't think I forget that you are a Rockingham of Cranley Chase, while I am," and here she gave a significant little shrug of her shoulders, "the daughter of William Greyson, the trainer. Don't speak, Gerald, for a moment," she continued. "I'm just as fond and proud of my father as you can be of yours; but anything of that sort between us would be ridiculous. Good comrades ever, firm friends, if you will, dear Gerald; but not that last. Say it is so, or take back your ring."

"You're making too much fuss about it, Dollie," he replied; "it will be some of these days all the same. You are as much a lady as any of the girls I meet in society, and much jollier. Never mind now, call the ring a remembrance of Phaeton, but think a little of me when you look at it."

"I shall do that, Gerald, without looking at it. When do you go to Cambridge?"

"In about three weeks. It's a short term, thank goodness! for I fancy university life is pretty dull at starting. You don't know many fellows, and one don't know the ropes; however, I believe it's all jolly good fun after a bit."

"But, Gerald, surely your people expect you to work a bit to try to take a degree, or something of that kind, though I don't quite understand what that means."

"Nonsense, Dollie; fellows like me are not expected to go in for that sort of thing. We go up for a couple of years just to make acquaintances, and to be able to say we've been there. The dear old governor would be knocked into heaps at my taking a degree. He wouldn't mind it, you know, but he'd be awfully astonished. Phaeton's winning last Wednesday would be nothing to such a surprise as that."

"I thought it was what you were sent there to do," replied Dollie, simply. "I fancied you went to Cambridge to learn, just as I came to York, only I fancied they tested you to see if you knew things which they mercifully don't inflict on me. I do my best, but should have grievous fears of failure if tried."

"No; book-learning was never the *forte* of our family. We only pride ourselves upon some very minor virtues. We are brought up to shoot straight, ride straight, and *run* straight. You know what I mean by the latter, Dollie. We stick to our friends and to our word."

Miss Greyson was too country-bred a girl not to hold the first two of these virtues in considerable esteem, and she had seen with her own eyes that Gerald spoke truth about the riding, while as for "the running straight," I think the most shifty, scheming, and mendacious of our fellows have a certain admiration for a man who does that.

"Yes, Gerald," she said, softly; "nobody in these parts ever doubts a Rockingham, but for all that I think you ought to work at Cambridge."

"You'd make a charming tutor, Dollie," he replied, laughing, "and perhaps under your auspices I might. Byron, I remember, somewhere advocates female teachers. Shall I find you here when I come back in December?"

"No; they'll want me home for Christmas. Father would be very much put out if I wasn't there at that time."

"And your mother too, I suppose?"

"Well," replied the girl, laughing, "she'll be glad to have me back, no doubt, but she don't think half as much of me as father. He never says a cross word to me, but mother can give me a bit of her mind when I don't please her. In short," continued Dollie, merrily, "father pets and spoils me, and mother does her best to counteract it."

"Then I sha'n't see you for ever so long?" said Gerald, somewhat moodily.

"Oh yes, you will. I shall be back in January time. You will have plenty of opportunities to take me for a gallop or two with the hounds, if your highness will condescend to be kind as of yore. And now, Gerald, you really must run away. If every young man was as long buying his gloves as you have been, the business of this establishment would never be carried on. Good-by," she concluded, extending a tiny hand, "and thank you so much for the ring."

Gerald shook hands, and then walked moodily off to the Black Swan in search of his hack. He was getting very much in love with Dollie Greyson, which was more than that young lady at present was with him. She liked him very much, was fond of him in a sort of half-sisterly fashion; but a girl of seventeen is years older in reality than a youth a few months older than herself; and this was just Dollie's case. She was not a bit in love with Gerald, and saw quite clearly it would be ridiculous on her part ever to be so. She recognized quite clearly the great difference of their stations in life, and knew that she could never be his wife. A bright, quick-witted, warm-hearted, impetuous little lady, but with plenty of sound, practical common-sense. She may display plenty of romance and imagination later on should her affections be touched, but at present, despite her impetuosity, Dollie is a clear-sighted girl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEMOCRATS AT CHICAGO.

The Democratic National Convention met in the large hall of the Chicago Exposition Building on Tuesday, July 8. The drapery of the hall was similar to that used by the Republican Convention. The platform was erected on the west side of the hall, the wings being reserved for the use of spectators.

The Convention was called to order by Mr. W. H. Barnum, Chairman of the National Committee, who in a brief speech nominated Governor Richard B. Hubbard, of Texas, for the position of temporary chairman. The nomination was ratified without a dissenting voice, and after the usual preliminary business had been transacted, ex-State Senator Thomas F. Grady, of New York, made a fierce attack on the unit rule. An acrimonious debate followed, in which Mr. John Kelly took a prominent and aggressive stand against the rule; but in the end Mr. Grady's motion to amend the rule was defeated by a decisive vote, and from that time to the adjournment of the Convention the vote of the New York delegation was cast as a unit by its chairman, Mr. Manning.

This debate occupied nearly the whole of the first day. Defeated in their attempt to amend the unit rule, the opponents of Mr. Cleveland determined to try the efficacy of delay, in the hope of forming some combination that would lead to his defeat. Immediately on re-assembling Wednesday morning, a stream of resolutions was poured in, relating to a great variety of matters, and it was some time before the Convention proceeded to the election of permanent chairman. The Committee on Permanent Organization presented the name of W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, for that position, and his appearance was greeted with tumultuous applause.

Mr. Vilas made a brief and moderate speech, after which another flood of resolutions and petitions was let loose upon the Convention. When it had subsided, a motion was made to proceed to the call of States for the presentation of candidates. After some delaying motions and speeches, a motion was made to table the proposition for the call of States. The object of this motion was not perceived until New York was reached in the roll-call, when Mr. Manning cast the seventy-two votes of New York in the negative. Mr. Grady seized the occasion to challenge the count. A scene of great confusion took place, and it was only quieted when the chairman promised to hear Mr. Grady at the end of the roll-call. He did so, when Mr. Grady said that the official record of the vote of New York was forty-nine noes, the other delegates who were present voting in the affirmative.

"Will the chairman of the New York delegation state the vote again?" Mr. Vilas asked.

Mr. Manning arose with much dignity, and in a resonant tone said, "New York votes seventy-two noes."

Mr. Vilas then decided that as the Convention had recognized the instructions of the State Convention, the New York delegation must vote as a unit. As it was now clear that a majority of the delegates from that State had voted against the motion, the vote would be recorded as given by the chairman of the New York delegation.

Mr. Grady's action materially aided the Cleveland movement. The vote stood 521 to 282 to proceed with the call of States, and this was accepted as the test of Mr. Cleveland's strength in the Convention. His opponents still endeavored to gain time by dilatory motions, and the Convention was for a time in great confusion. Quiet was at length restored, and the presentation of candidates was proceeded with.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, was presented by Mr. George Grey, of that State; Mr. Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana, by Mr. Hendricks; Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, by Mr. Breckinridge, of California; Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, by Mr. McKenzie; Mr. Cleveland, of New York, by Mr. Lockwood, of Buffalo. At the conclusion of Mr. Lockwood's speech the irrepressible Mr. Grady again demanded recognition, but the chairman gave the floor first to Mr. Carter Harrison, of Chicago, and then to Mr. Jones, of Minnesota, before the spokesman of Tammany Hall was permitted to speak. The burden of his vociferous eloquence was unsparing abuse of Mr. Cleveland. Several efforts were made to silence him under rules of order; but at length Mr. Manning, in a cool and dignified manner, stated that it was the unanimous request of the New York delegation that Mr. Grady should be permitted to go on. This show of magnanimity took the edge off Mr. Grady's speech, and although he was allowed to go on, his remarks fell upon unheeding ears. He was succeeded by Mr. Cockran, who went on in the same strain of detraction, under pretense of seconding the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and ending by calling upon the delegates to vote for Allan G. Thurman, of Ohio. By this time the Convention was tired, and a recess was taken till eight o'clock in the evening. The evening session was brief and unimportant.

The morning of Thursday was spent in presenting the names of Randall and Hoadly as Presidential candidates. Mr. Cummings, of Massachusetts, took the opportunity to continue the attack on Mr. Cleveland, under cover of a speech for Mr. Bayard. An allusion to Mr. Cleveland's enemies afforded General Bragg, of Wisconsin, the opportunity for a happy retort. Speaking of the young men of his State, he said, "They love Cleveland and respect him, not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies he has made."

After a few other speeches the Convention adjourned till evening. On re-assembling, the first business was the announcement of the new National Committee. A proposition to abolish the unit rule in future was presented and defeated, and then the committee on the platform was ready with its report. When it had been read, General Butler presented a minority report. In a clear, ringing voice he said there were some things which he thought ought to be in the platform, and he wished to submit them to the judgment of the Convention. His platform was terse, and many of the "planks," especially those that related to labor, were loudly cheered. The General made a brief speech in favor of his ideas; but the motion to substitute his platform for that of the committee was lost by a decisive vote. The committee's platform was then adopted, with a few dissenting voices.

After this business had been disposed of, a motion was made for an immediate ballot. There was considerable opposition, but it was at length ordered, with the following result:

Cleveland	392	Bayard	170
McDonald	56	Carlisle	27
Randall	78	Thurman	88
Hendricks	1	Hoadly	3
Tilden	1	Flower	4
Total vote			820
Necessary to a choice			547

There was the same wrangle over the New York vote, but Mr. Manning, although he stated the preferences of individual delegates, cast the entire vote for Cleveland. The Convention then adjourned till next morning.

There were several attempts Friday forenoon to break the Cleveland ranks by starting a "boom" for Hendricks, and in other ways; but it was unavailing. Carlisle and Randall were withdrawn by their respective States. As the call of States proceeded, State after State cast its vote for Cleveland, and when it was completed he was nominated, on the second ballot, by 683 out of 800 votes. The nomination was then made unanimous, amid great cheering and rejoicing.

An evening session was held, at which Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, and the Convention then adjourned.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An inventor in Washington is said to be "at work upon a plan to preserve calm or equilibrium of water on an inclined plain, so that steam vessels may sail up by the aid of their machinery the same as on a level." An inkling of the method employed in this ambitious effort is given. The up-hill waterway is to be an improvement and enlargement upon the ordinary contrivance for enabling fishes to pass from one level to a higher one. Water is to be led out of a swiftly flowing channel by means of narrow ducts which have an up-stream bend, and discharged into another inclined channel. Before it has lost its impetus it is to drop back into the main channel. Thus the water in every part of the other channel is to have an upward tendency while in that channel sufficient to preserve the equilibrium of the entire volume resting against the inclined plane.

There was a genuine bull-fight in a Kansas town on Independence-day. There have been bull-fights in this city, but they were under the supervision of Mr. Bergh. The event in Dodge City was not. Visitors poured into the town from all quarters. Five hundred cow-boys "graced the occasion" by their presence. There were five bull-fighters and four bulls. The first animal driven into the ring made only a fair-to-middling fight, the second wouldn't fight at all, the third made things so dusty that he was lassoed and hauled out, and the fourth proved a failure. Then the discriminating crowd called for the first bull, and he was returned to the ring. The bull was killed with a lance, and a matador had his ribs broken. Thus did the people of a part of the republic, aided by Greasers from Mexico, celebrate the nation's birth.

It is announced that a wealthy nobleman of England is organizing a party of seven earls to visit this country in August, and hunt elk and other big game in the Rocky Mountains. The party is to be attended by a small army of servants, and to be provided with the most improved sportsmen's outfit obtainable. Surely so distinguished a party will not make it the object of their visit to slaughter the greatest possible number of creatures that are already in danger of becoming extinct through the acts of blood-thirsty gunners.

A writer in San Francisco says that many years ago a herd of camels was imported by the government to be used as beasts of burden in New Mexico and Arizona by the army; they were afterward turned loose on the banks of the Rio Colorado, and now there is a race of wild camels on the deserts at the head of the Gulf of California, where they find a congenial home, and increase steadily.

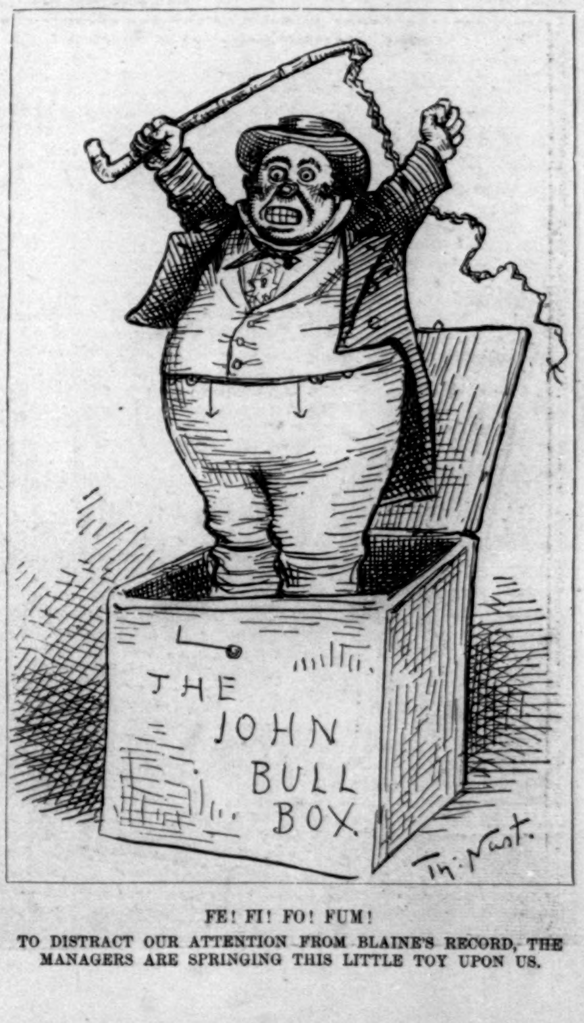
Somebody has said that daily reading for a few years of the well-written London newspapers would be almost equivalent to a college education. But when the man came to feathering an oar in rough water, or pitching a curve ball, he would be sure to betray his ignorance.

This year's Independence-day furnished several instances of over-enthusiastic production of noise in honor of the occasion. A gang of patriots passed through parts of Westchester County exploding five-pound nitro-glycerine cartridges, which tore holes in the earth and shattered walls and windows. In Swan City, Colorado, some miners blew up the post-office with giant powder; and in Mulberry Street, in this city, the houses were damaged and the resident Italians greatly alarmed by a blast the nature of which has not yet been ascertained.

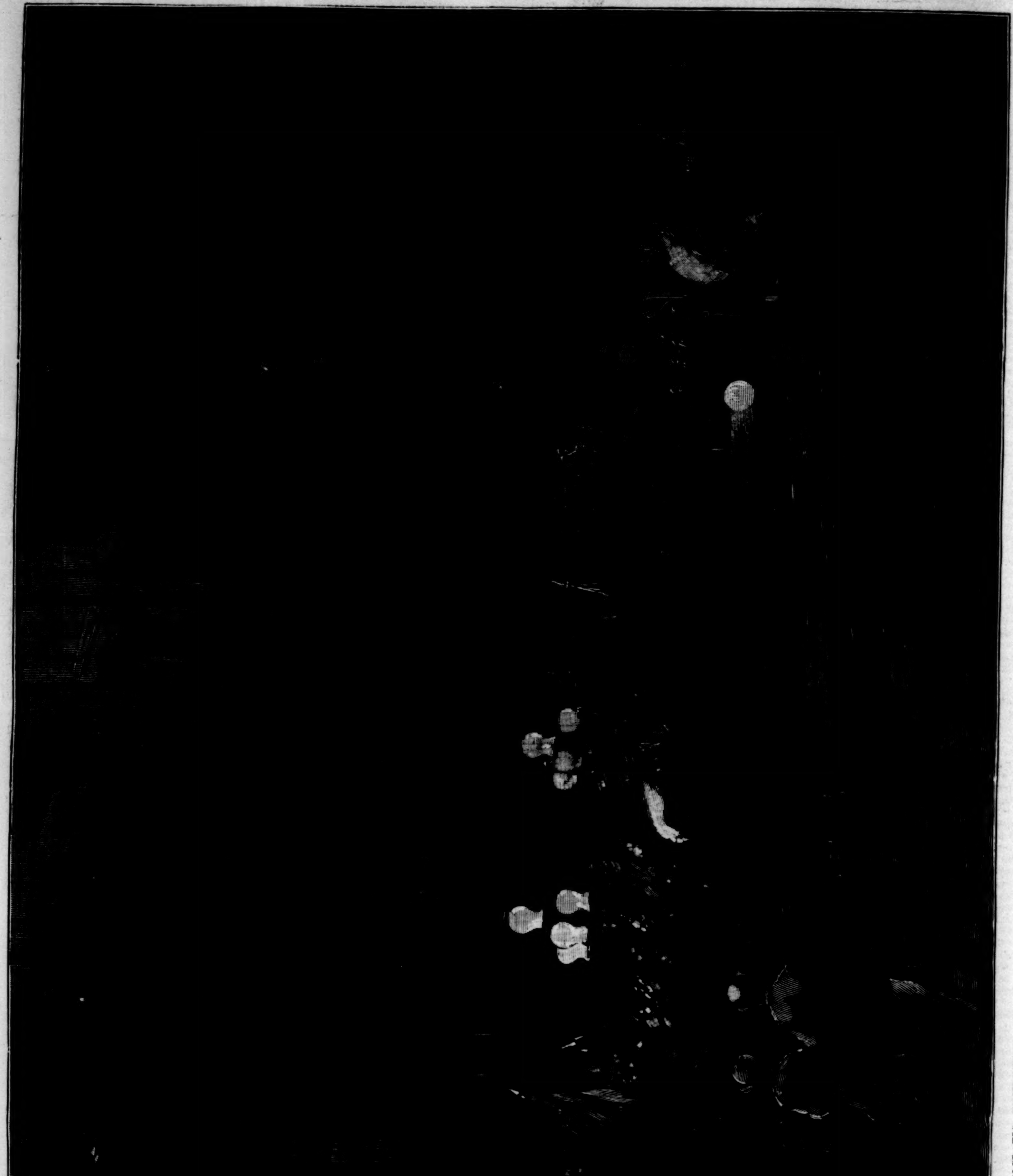
There is something suggestive in the name of the great Mohammedan university El Hazar—suggestive of the hazer that used to play a conspicuous part in our American colleges when civilization was not so advanced as now.

It is announced that a cremation society will build an incinerating furnace in Philadelphia at a cost of about $15,000. Meanwhile an advertiser in this city offers to furnish crematories complete "from $300 up."

It seems to have been settled that diamonds emit light when surrounded by darkness. Experiments were made not long ago in Paris with a gem of ninety-two carats, lent by its owner for the purpose. The stone was exposed to the sun's rays for an hour, and then taken into a dark room. For twenty minutes it gave out light enough to make a sheet of white paper visible. Being rubbed with flannel after the light had died out, the gem again emitted a feeble glow. The recent convention of plumbers afforded an opportunity which the *savants* of this country might have improved to follow up the experiment.

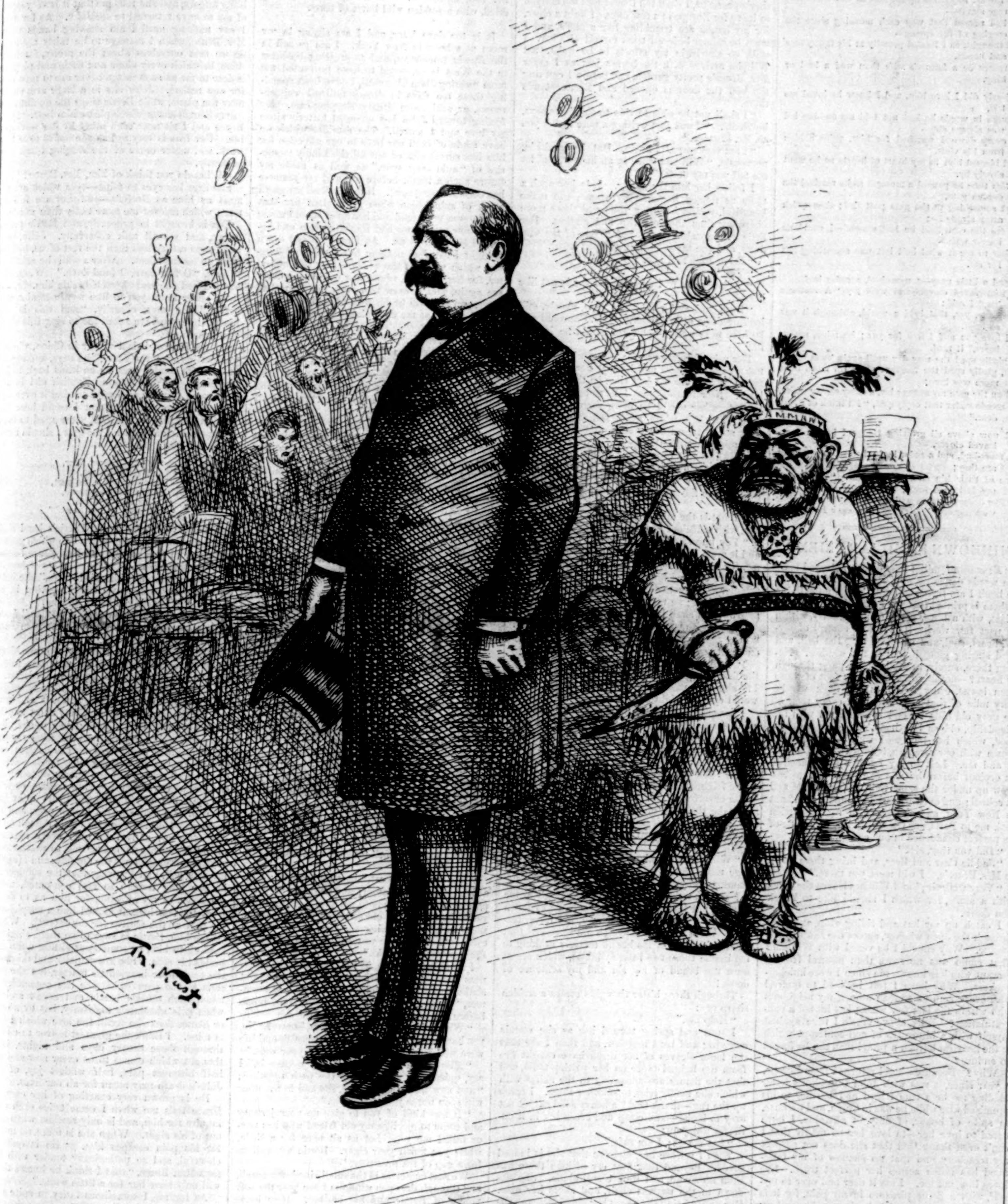


FE! FI! FO! FUM!
TO DISTRACT OUR ATTENTION FROM BLAINE'S RECORD, THE MANAGERS ARE SPRINGING THIS LITTLE TOY UPON US.



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION IN HONOR OF CLEVELAND'S NOMINATION.—By Our Special Artist.—[See Page 463.]

"WE LOVE HIM MOST FOR THE ENEMIES THAT HE HAS MADE."



AN INDEPENDENT VICTORY.

The Democratic Party was Compelled to Nominate a man with a Clean Record—one whose knees will not yield, even to Boss Kelly.

ROBERT RAY'S MESSAGE.

I WAS peeping through the branches of the honeysuckle vine
That closely drapes my window (oh, how sweet its blossoms are!),
And in the east the golden sun had just begun to shine,
And in the west there lingered still a lovely silver star,
When Robert Ray came up the lane in which our cottage stands—
He had passed that way each morning since the coming of the spring—
And I thought, as I looked proudly at his tawny face and hands,
I'd rather be a farmer's wife than wed a lord or king.

For dearly did I love him, and I knew he loved me too,
Though in words he had not told me so—the lad was always shy—
And every dawn I watched for him, quite hidden from his view,
And blessed him in my heart of hearts as he went slowly by.
But *this* time he paused a moment as he reached the garden gate,
And something to the gate post tied; then quick away strode he;
And ere the corn field he had crossed—I could no longer wait—
I flew to see if what he'd left was something left for me.

I found a little posy—a moss-bud, a cedar leaf,
A four-leaved clover—and with joy "A message 'tis," I said:
A message, yes, that held a world, although it was so brief.
"I love you and I live for you; be mine, sweetheart," it read.
Oh, gladly sped the rosy day until again 'twas night,
Oh, gladly sped the fragrant night till morn once more was here;
And on the gate my answer lay, a daisy snowy white,
A meadow-star that coyly said, "I'll think of it, my dear."

And now above all growing things I love a four-leaved clover,
A moss-bud, and a cedar leaf—shrined in my heart are they;
None of their kin could be so dear. "Nay," says my dark-eyed lover,
"The orange flowers will dearer be you wear your wedding day."
MARGARET EYTINGE.

"MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND."

"MINE own familiar friend hath betrayed me." The words dance up and down on the pages of the book I am trying to read, though no syllable of them is printed there. I fling down the book at last, with a bitter sense of how utterly, within the past few weeks, I have lost control of myself, heart, soul, and mind. I ring the bell, and stand staring gloomily out of the window. Nothing there, surely, to send such a pang through my heart?—nothing but that every foot of those green lawns, every tree in those dark woods, every mile of that blue river, and every rock of the gray old hills beyond is associated with the friendship, old as babyhood, strong as brotherhood, which has increased with our years and grown with our strength, between John Churchill and me. Left to my father's guardianship, an orphan before he was five years old, we two grew up under the same roof, both at home and at school; and even when he became a merchant in New York, and the study of my profession took me to Paris, our friendship lost very little of its perfect confidence in our correspondence.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Saddle Czar and Bess, and bring them down to Mrs. Bruce's. I will meet you there."

"Very well, sir;" and William leaves the room with a smile, for which I should like to knock him down.

I catch up my hat and riding-whip, and pass through the open window, across the lawn to the avenue. Why should I be vexed with William? That smile was no more than natural from a servant who has known me since I wore knickerbockers. Why have I felt inclined to quarrel with every man or woman among my neighbors who within the last few weeks has hinted a congratulation? Why, above all, do I rage against myself with a bitterness of self-contempt which is the heaviest burden a proud man can be forced to endure?

Why? Because when I returned from Europe, a year since, it was with John Churchill's letter bidding me be a true friend and brother to his promised wife while he was in China, and because, in spite of honor, of duty, of affection, I have dared to love her—to love her so madly that I can't even thank God that she does not suspect my treachery, and that no shadow of my falsehood has fallen across her perfect truth. She loves him, not me. I say it over and over to myself, with a fierce pleasure in my pain, for it is half my bitterest anguish, half my only comfort, that neither he nor she nor any one will ever know that I am forever in my own sight a hopeless lover, a false friend, a dishonored man. No one among our neighbors knows of their engagement, for, as John went away to China for three years, it was thought wisest that no one should be told but her mother and myself. So when I returned from Paris, a year later, it was only natural that what seemed brotherly kindness to Bertie and Mrs. Bruce should be set down as a lover's devotion by lookers-on. If I can only trust myself to keep my secret from those clear eyes of hers until I can find a reasonable excuse for returning to Europe, all will be well for her and for him. But, reason or no reason, not much longer can I ride with her, read with her, touch her hand, be so near to her, and feel—oh my God!—so guiltily far from her. Once or twice within a few days it has occurred to me that she avoids being left alone with me, and that she speaks of John more often than she used, but in a colder and more constrained manner, and it rushes over me, with an agony which dizzies me for an instant, that my secret may be even now in danger, and that the little worth life still has will be lost if I teach her to despise me. I stand still under the trees by the road-side, and resolve that today it must be done; we are to ride together, and I am to take tea with her mother and herself, and then, guarded from my weakness by her mother's presence, I shall tell them that I am obliged to leave for Europe in a few days. I light a cigar, for my hands are trembling like a girl's, and I must be calmer before I trust myself with her. I walk so slowly, in my efforts to be quiet, that William arrives with the horses just as I enter Mrs. Bruce's pretty garden, and before I can ring the bell the door is opened and Bertie stands there.

"I shall not be able to ride to-day," she says, hurriedly. "I was just writing a note to tell you so, Mr. Eustace."

"I am very sorry," I begin. But she breaks in, nervously, "Will you come in an instant, and let me tell you my news?"

I follow her into the parlor. It is just such a room as refined, home-loving women can make beautiful, with a beauty a thousand times more charming than that of satin and gilding. Her little writing-table stands before one of the windows, and she takes from it an open letter.

"From John?" I ask.

"Yes."

"No bad news?" I exclaim, for she is not like herself.

"Both bad and good," she says, slowly, still looking down at her letter. "Mr. Churchill will be here next week; but I am afraid he is very ill."

Her voice falters over the last words, but I can not speak. I stand and look at her as a dying man may look for the last time on the woman he loves. Now indeed must I leave her, for to see them together would be more than I could endure. She is in white, which somehow suits her as it never does other women, and the sunshine streaming through the open window behind her touches her soft brown hair with a golden halo like a saint's in a picture. She is very pale, and there is such a look of suffering in her face as helps me to the self-control for which I am struggling.

"What is the matter with him?" I manage to ask, with sufficient composure.

"You know he had a fever some months since, and it must have been much worse than he wrote me, for he has never been quite well, and the doctors have ordered him home." Her voice grows steadier as she goes on: "He will be in New York in a few days; so mamma and I are going in to-morrow, and shall bring him back with us."

"Being with you—" I break off for an instant. "Your mother, I should think, might nurse any one well again."

The color rushes all over her pale face, and for the first time she raises her eyes to mine. "And I?" she asks, passionately. "You believe that I would die if I might save him?"

I dare not meet those shining eyes for fear that mine should reveal the love she must never know, so I turn and walk away to another window, overcome, as she thinks, by my pity and anxiety for John.

"Mr. Eustace, I dare say mamma and I are more frightened than we need be. See, he writes quite cheerfully."

I take the page of the letter she holds out to me, and I go back to the window to read it, while she seats herself at her writing-table, saying:

"Will you post this note for me? It is to engage rooms for us to-morrow at the hotel where mamma always stays."

I stand staring at the lines she has given me to read, but I see only two words half-way down the page—"My own." His own, not mine, forever. What a faithless wretch am I become, that what John says of his health matters nothing to me beside those two little syllables, which are at once the brand of my sin and my sentence of doom!

Through these bitter thoughts comes a sudden sharp cry:

"Help me."

I turn and spring toward her as she stands cowering and bent together, and then I see that the loose sleeves of her dress have caught fire from the lighted taper on her writing-table, and that the flames are spreading to the skirts with which she madly tries to smother them. I catch up the rug—thank God! a heavy solid carpet not easy to ignite—and clasp and crush her in it until she whispers:

"Let me go; I am safe."

Then I release her, and see that she is indeed saved. Beyond that first cry of hers there has been no sound, and we are still alone. She sits down in the nearest chair, and shuts her eyes. Her pretty hair falls about her shoulders, and the white dress hangs scorched and crushed around her drooping figure.

"Are you hurt?" I gasp, roughly.

She opens her eyes, holds out one bare arm off which the sleeve has burned, and smiles.

"Only that."

Only that—a raw red wound half-way up the small white trembling arm. Only that, and yet I go quite mad at the sight of it, and fall upon my knees beside her, and clasp her close—close as I held her just now when I was fighting for her life, and my wild love has at last swept honor and conscience altogether out of sight. And she?—she trembles, but does not struggle; she lies white and with shut eyes under my passionate kisses, as if she were dead and I had killed her. Then my senses return to me, and I stand up, shivering with the realization of what her contempt for me must be, while she only stirs to put both hands before her face. I walk somehow blindly across the room to the door, and then I come back to her.

"You will never forgive me," I say, brokenly; "but some time, perhaps, you will despise me less, for I shall never trouble you again."

"Are you going away?" she asks, faintly.

"To-night."

"Wait," she says, in a hoarse, low whisper. "I can not let you go believing what is false." And then she clasps my hand in hers, and hides her face against it. "God help us both!" she cried, with a sudden wild burst of tears.

It is ten days later, and I am sitting in my room at a hotel in New York. I am to sail in the *Russia* to-morrow, and as pressing business in the West is supposed to have prevented me from meeting John Churchill, I have been spending these ten days in dreary railroad waiting-rooms, or still more dreary sleeping-cars. My feeling toward John has changed bitterly since my love and I parted. The sacrifice which we have made of both our lives to our affection for him has surely blotted out all the kindly memories of "auld lang syne," as well as made my future such a blank before me, and my remorse has become resentment. It required all my small stock of submission when I promised her that he who was my friend and her lover should never know how utterly we had forgotten him and betrayed his faith in us. As I pace up and down to-night I can feel nothing but a pity and longing, which will last the whole dreary life before me, for her, my love, whose fair face I may never see again, who is even now with her betrothed lover, and who will be his wife whenever he wishes. A knock at the door makes me start.

"Come in."

"A letter, sir."

I take it listlessly, and the boy leaves the room. My heart beats thickly, though, as I recognize the writing, for it is John Churchill's. I open it hastily, assuring myself that it can contain nothing but a very natural regret at my departure without a glimpse of each other.

"MY DEAR STUART,—Is it really possible that you have business in Paris so urgent that you can't give me a sight of you after all these years?—years which have made men of us boys, only, I trust, to strengthen the friendship which is almost as old as we are. I am really ill, more seriously so, I sometimes imagine from my doctor's solemn face, than he will tell me; perhaps it is only a sick man's morbid fancy, but, dear old fellow, I feel as if in letting you go now it may be for the last time, and there are many things on which I wish to consult you if anything should come of my fancies. You will put off your voyage for a week, and come to me for a few days if you can, I am sure. I am staying, as you know, with Mrs. Bruce, and Bertie joins me in my request. Yours, JOHN CHURCHILL."

I walk the room half the night before I decide that I can not refuse his request. I must make this one more sacrifice of seeing them together. Then, I think, wearily, as I at last try to sleep, surely I shall suffer all that even he could wish did he know my sin. Bertie joins him in his request. My brave little girl! can I fall behind her in courage and endurance?

It is late in the next afternoon when I arrive at home, and having previously telegraphed to John my coming, I walk down to Mrs. Bruce's directly after dinner. As I near the gate I stand still, startled out of my bitter thoughts as at the sight of a ghost. Can that be John, that gaunt, haggard man leaning over the low gate, and watching me with such curious, unmoved steadiness?

"It is really I, Stuart," he says presently, with a short, unmirthful laugh; and he opens the gate, putting out both hands to me with a gesture that would be full of his old affection were it not for the strange questioning scrutiny of his hollow eyes. "I told Bertie you wouldn't know me, but she thought you would."

I scarcely hear him, in the rush of old tenderness and new pity which blinds my eyes and shakes my voice as I clasp his hands and stammer, "John! John! why didn't you come home before?"

"Why indeed! Can't you guess, Stuart? No, you have never loved, and felt that health and life were well risked to win a home for your wife."

"Miss Bruce is worth it, if any woman is," I say, quietly, as we walk up the path together; "and now that you are here, she and her mother will soon nurse you well again."

"It was kind of you to give up your journey and come to me, like my old friend who has never failed me yet. Let us sit here for a little, while you finish your cigar. Bertie will call us for a cup of tea presently."

We seat ourselves in the small vine-hung porch, and through the open windows I can hear the soft voices of Bertie and her mother. John leans back in his chair and looks at the sunset, while I look at him, my friend, my brother, dying before he is thirty, and robbed, though he does not know it, of that which he has sacrificed his strong young life to deserve. God strengthen me for his sake, that I may bear the burden of my treachery in silence, and not fall down at his feet in my remorse! As for her whom we both love, God helps His own, they say, and surely He must help her, for whose sweet and tender soul the burden must be still heavier. Poor, pale child, she comes to the window now, and says, softly,

"John, mamma says it is too chilly for you now that the sun has set."

"And what does Bertie say?" he asks, taking the little hand near him, and looking up in her face without rising.

She smiles. (Where do women, young, and sheltered all their days from trouble, learn to smile so naturally, though their hearts are breaking, when we men, with our boasted superiority of strength and courage, never achieve more than a grim calmness?) "Bertie says, 'Come,' too; she wants to sing for you."

John, still holding her hand, rises, and I rise too.

"Stuart," he says, gayly, "we must put off our talk until to-morrow. Bertie, you haven't spoken to our friend."

We then step into the lighted parlor as he speaks, and she and I touch each other's trembling fingers, and she tells me that it is very good of me to have returned to see John. As for me, I say nothing until I am shaking hands with Mrs. Bruce, when I manage to be fairly natural. So we seat ourselves about the pretty, familiar room, in which every chair and table and picture is dear to me as such things never are to men but for one reason. John sits in a large arm-chair near the piano, while Bertie sings the quaint and merry Scotch songs which please him best. Mrs. Bruce and I sit near each other by her work-table. Her face is very sad as she bends over her work, and under cover of the singing I ask her presently,

"What do you think of him, Mrs. Bruce?"

She lifts her eyes to mine—eyes which are almost as blue as Bertie's—and they are full of tears, which answer me more sadly than words.

Tea is brought in presently, and Bertie pours it out, and we all talk cheerfully. John, perhaps, says rather less than the rest of us, but he is by no means silent. After a while he asks her to sing, "O fair dove, O fond dove." When she has finished she seats herself beside him.

"I never knew you to like sentimental songs before," she says, cheerily, "and this is the fourth time you have asked me to sing this since you came home."

"I got fond of it last winter in China, when I was getting over the fever," he says, looking up at her with tender eyes, as he leans back in his low chair. "There was an English girl in the next room to mine who used to sing it over and over again, so distinctly that I could hear the words quite plainly, and that verse used to comfort me sometimes when I thought I should never see any of you again:

"'O maid most dear,
I am not here,
I have no place, no part,
No dwelling more,
By sea or shore,
Save only in thy heart.'"

The low voice ceases, and Bertie's head sinks on the arm of his chair, with a sob which goes to my heart. I rise hastily, and Mrs. Bruce follows me from the room.

"You have known him all his life," she cries, through her tears, as we stand together in the porch. "What do you think of him?"

"It makes one doubt God's justice," I cry, with an outburst of the misery I have been struggling with all the evening.

Then I walk away through the moonlight, which seems to mock with its cold peacefulness the tumult of passion and agony in my heart.

The days slip by somehow, very slow and heavy in their passing, yet seeming very short and few when they are gone. John grows weaker with every day, and in less than a week after my coming is confined to his room. The doctors come and go, alternately shaking their heads solemnly or talking hopefully of the effects of tonics and climate, and whether they are solemn or hopeful, John lies on his sofa, and looks up at them with an odd smile in his hollow eyes, and says nothing. I do not see him often, though on the day after my arrival he used every argument of old friendship to induce me to postpone my voyage to Europe until the autumn, and I (against my own will, and knowing that the summer will be one long torture to me) consented, not so much out of my affection for him as to deaden what for one instant looked like a suspicion on his part of the motive for my refusal. When I do see him, Bertie is sure to be there, singing or reading to him, or sometimes sitting quite quiet beside his sofa. She grows paler and thinner all the time, poor brave little martyr, but she never fails in the part which she has assumed. We touch each other's hands and speak and look when it is absolutely necessary, but by no word or glance does she recall the love which I know is mine. I think the greatest horror to us both, through these dreary days and nights, is the thought which comes to us every now and then, half bitterest pain, half wildest joy, of what John's death may mean for all our lives.

He is grown very exacting of her care, Mrs. Bruce tells me when I come twice each day to inquire for him, and is only restless when she is out of his sight. When she is there, no murmur for his pain escapes him. "He is quiet and cheerful, and so pathetically tender with her," says Mrs. Bruce, "that I think he knows that he will only have her for a little while."

As for me, I sometimes fancy, in spite of his desire to have me near, that coming death has banished from John's once wide and tender heart all but the one grand passion of his life.

So the days slip on, and it is late July when one afternoon the servant brings me a note from Mrs. Bruce:

"DEAR MR. EUSTACE,—John insisted on seeing the doctors alone this morning, and hearing his exact condition. I saw them afterward, and they told me, what they had told him, that he can not live. He wishes to see you as soon as you receive this.

"Sincerely yours, MARY BRUCE."

I order my horse, and ride down through the glaring sunshine at a rate which I dare say is surprising to the few passers I meet, but such hours as I endure after I receive Mrs. Bruce's note until I enter John's room can only be borne by straining every nerve in some kind of action. Very quiet and still looks the little house, and the servant who opens the door for me and tells me that I may go at once to Mr. Churchill is the only person whom I see until I stand in John's presence.

The windows are open, the shutters closed, and in the fragrant half-darkness I can hardly discern at first that we are alone. John is lying on his sofa as usual, but he does not put out his hand as I stand beside him; only looks up into my face with two burning eyes, and says, sharply, "You know that I am dying?"

I bend my head, and sit down near him. Why do I not clasp his hands in mine, and weep those bitter tears with which heart and brain seem bursting? Because in those questioning eyes, in that sharp voice, I read something I dare not understand, but which crushes back the tenderness which I feel he would not believe. There is a silence, which he breaks with a harsh laugh.

"Have you nothing to say to me? Does my death mean nothing to you?—you who have been my more than brother since ever I can remember."

"Jack," I falter—"Jack" (the old childish name, unspoken for years, comes to my lips now with the rush of old memories and new fears), "don't let us quarrel now; you know that I love you."

"You love me!" The scorn of those three words sends the blood bounding resentfully through my veins; but I clinch my hands and sit motionless. What right have I to resent his contempt? "Traitor and coward, who dare not even confess your treachery! I am dying, sir, and I will not be deceived any longer."

I half rise. Such words are hard to bear, even when you have deserved them, and I was never very patient; but John goes on, more calmly: "Sit down. It was not to talk of you that I sent for you to-day. If you alone were false, I might forgive you as becomes a dying man; but you have made her false too—her whom I trusted to your care." He pauses with a gasp for breath.

"We meant that you should never know," I mutter.

"You pretend to love, and think I could be deceived?" he interrupts me, fiercely. "She loved me when I went away; her whole sweet heart was mine—mine until you stole it. Did you dream I had forgotten what she was to me then, that I could see her dutiful kindness now, and not feel what I had lost? My God! what did you take me for? Did you think I was blind and deaf and senseless?" Again he struggles for breath, and I am silent. My brief anger has faded. How slight, after all, has been her misery and mine compared to that which he, sick unto death, has had strength to conceal! "I knew that I was dying when I left China," he goes on presently, in a low tone of evident fatigue, but which has, for all its weakness, a force of hatred which sends a shudder through me as I listen; "but since I have known the truth, first from her, and then from you, I have struggled to live, and I have failed. I must die, and leave her to you."

He leans forward suddenly, and brings his white face and gleaming eyes close to mine, which by some power stronger than my will I can not turn away.

"I sent for you, not to rave of my wrongs and your sin, but to tell you my wishes. I hate you. You know what real hate is as little as real love, but I hate you. If I could have lived, I would have made her love me again, and punished you without a word. But I must die, and when the time has passed which her tender heart will force her to give to a pretense of grief for me, she will be your wife. Silence!" (as I make an effort to speak); "I wish it. I love her, and she will only be happy with you." He falls back on the sofa, and covers his face with his hands.

"Poor child!" he goes on presently, in a voice so faint that I can scarcely hear it; "she has been very patient and gentle with me all these weeks—God bless her!" Then, with a sudden rallying of strength, "Whether I wished it or not, you will marry her, but this is what you are to do for me—me whom you have robbed of what was dearer than life. You are to love her and make her happy, and for fear that one shadow should darken her life, you must promise me that she never shall know how utterly her poor little plan for my happiness has failed. I leave her to you, sir, whom I hate, the only curse in my power, the knowledge that the friend you betrayed died despising you, but she shall believe always that my faith was as undisturbed in her love as in my own, and so be happy, as she never could be even with you, sir, if she knew what I have suffered." Then he breaks off abruptly, and points to the door, "Now, sir, go!"

I rise, I get to the door, and then I try to say some little word of self-defense.

"We could not help our love," I cry. "We were ready to sacrifice our lives for you. We—"

"Your excuses do not interest me," John says, bitterly. "I have no time left to waste in hearing them. After your fashion, you love her, and I can trust even your honor to keep a secret which is for her happiness."

With this late scant justice I go out of the room, out of the house, with something of that despair in my heart which sent Cain wandering over the new-made world when he had killed his brother Abel.

Three days later, when I come to make my usual inquiries, the servant tells me that Mr. Churchill is dying, and that he has asked to see me. With a heart fluttering like a girl's I go upstairs, but when I enter that room a great stillness falls upon me, for I see that the end is almost come.

The bed is drawn before the open window, through which a soft evening breeze is floating all the sweet odors of the garden below. Mrs. Bruce and the doctor are somewhere near, but I do not see them. I see only those two, my friend and my love. He is propped up with pillows, and his breath comes in long labored gasps, but his hands clasp hers, and he is looking at her as if even death shall fail to make him give her up. No lily was ever whiter than she, poor darling, except where sleepless suffering has drawn dark circles under her sweet eyes, and slow heavy tears are slipping one by one over her pale cheeks.

The sound, soft as it is, of my entrance, disturbs him, and he turns his eyes to me.

"Stuart," he says, faintly, "that is well. Come closer."

I stand beside her and look down at him, and while I live I shall never forget the deathless hatred in those dying eyes.

"Stuart," he gasps, "old friend, you will remember her? I can trust you?"

The dying face swims before me, but I answer, "Before God, who reads both our hearts, you may trust me."

He looks away from me, and puts both his arms about her.

"Kiss me," he murmurs. "My love, my love, how can I give you up?"

I see her bend over him, and I turn away. What am I that I should dare to look on that farewell?

IN CHARLES READE'S WORK-ROOM.

I had the good fortune to see Charles Reade's work-room pretty much in the condition in which he left it. Those who visit it hereafter will find it in spick-and-span order, for on the day that I went there, Mr. Liston, the godson, friend, and executor of the novelist, was briskly engaged in reducing the general chaos to something like system. The house itself—No. 3 Bloomfield Villas, Shepherd's Bush, is a comfortable, unpretentious place in one of the least fashionable districts of London. There is a tiny square of garden in front, and a good-sized pleasant lawn at the back, which a brick wall divides from the Uxbridge Road. The house is furnished in substantial but by no means showy style, with pictures everywhere; the most noticeable of which are a couple of canvases by Etty, and portraits of Reade himself and his friend and companion the late Mrs. Seymour.

The room of greatest interest to the literary visitor is a small barely furnished chamber on the upper floor, where are stored those wonderful records of Reade's laborious industry—his note-books and scrap-books. Shelf after shelf is crowded with huge tomes, filled from cover to cover with memoranda of every description. Each one is furnished with an index, and the whole forms a thoroughly unique collection of materials for the story-teller's art. Few facts which bore on those social phases that interested him most seem to have escaped his notice; and the shrewd marginal notes to the newspaper excerpts show that the selection was not made at random. The mere gathering together, the classifying and indexing, of the thousands of different facts with which these books are crammed, would seem to have been labor enough for the lifetime of one man; but Reade, when he had done all this, had scarcely touched the fringe of his real work. This was but the cutting and piling of the straw out of which the bricks were to be made.

More interesting in their way than the folios of cuttings and the commonplace-books are the great square cards on which he always made the rough notes for the work he happened to be engaged upon. Here we see the novel in embryo. He jotted down a hundred different things in apparently the vaguest and most careless fashion; but in reality not a word was set down that did not indicate some purpose in the author's mind; and if one looks carefully over the series of cards appropriated to any one of the novels, he may see the work steadily shaping itself to the end in view. The memos here are of the utmost variety: sketches of character, scraps of dialogue, quotations from books and plays, half-planned situations, incidents, steps to lead up to a climax, phrases and expressions of all sorts, and one whole card—belonging, I think, to the *Put Yourself in His Place* series, is covered with odd out-of-the-way words "likely to be used in this book." The cards relating to *The Cloister and the Hearth* are full of minute references to the social life and habits in the Middle Ages, extracts from works of the fathers and old books of travel, all bearing out his words to Dion Boucicault, when planning to write *Foul Play* with him, "My system is learned research and good digestion." In this patient, toilsome fashion he prepared himself for the task of putting his story into words.

It was not in this room, but in a large room down stairs, opening on the lawn, that the actual writing was done.

When once he had set himself at the table, he turned off sheet after sheet with great rapidity, for, with his story well in mind, he was seldom at a loss for words. Occasionally, after writing for a couple of hours without a break, he would stick at a particular phrase, and if a turn or two up and down the room did not bring it to him in the exact form he wanted, he would clap on his hat and fling out into the garden, frowning and muttering all the while. A vast smile and a chuckle presently denoted that he had found the word or words he was in search of, when he would return to his desk and write for two or three hours more without a pause. In a morning's work he would strew the floor with manuscript, which the house-maid gathered up when the sitting was over. The sheets were then sent to the copyist, who returned them written out in a fair round hand, and after that the labor of correction began. A second copy was made, which underwent a second revision, and then the sheets were sent to the printer.

Reade did his best work in the morning. He rose at eight or half past, breakfasted at nine, and commenced writing at ten, continuing till about two o'clock.

In his younger days, when he enjoyed the best of health, he was fond of physical exercise, took his walk of twenty or thirty miles with ease, was a lover of sport, and an excellent shot. Later in life he solaced himself with lawn tennis, and enjoyed a rubber of whist at his club. But toward the last, when pulled down by domestic sorrow and bodily pains, he gave up almost all forms of out-door recreation, devoted the evenings to reading, and was in bed by half past ten. In congenial company, and particularly in the society of ladies, he was an admirable talker, his robust personality lending an amusing and distinctive tone to his conversation.

To return to the room upstairs. One immense folio is devoted to "Letters from Eminent Men and Women," and contains a vast amount of curious and interesting correspondence. Many of the letters are capital in themselves, but they are made more interesting by the queer fragmentary comments of Reade upon them and their writers. There are epistles from authors, publishers, actors, actresses, and celebrities of all sorts. A simple enumeration of the writers' names would fill a column. Here on one page is a letter from Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder, & Co., respecting one of Reade's novels. The firm treated him handsomely, and he describes this particular member of it as "the Prince of Publishers." They gave him £2000 for the use of a story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and £2000 more for its publication in three-volume form. Reade, by-the-way, was always able to command an excellent price: £2000 is probably a higher sum than any novelist receives nowadays for the right of printing a story in serial form in a newspaper or magazine; but it was nothing out of the common with Reade, and he had as much as £5 a page for short stories and articles. Writing to Dion Boucicault on the subject of *Foul Play*, he says, "Unless Smith & Elder will give £5000 down for the story, and even if they would, I should advise to produce the story as a serial speculation, in fortnightly numbers at *6d.*, monthly at *1s.*"; and he incloses letters from Ward & Lock, the publishers, respecting the same work, which he says "are the best terms that were ever yet offered to an author."

There are a number of letters from Dickens, in the small clear handwriting with which all his correspondents were familiar, and in the frank and genial style which was a part of the man. On one occasion a daughter of Dickens had something to write to Reade, and she signed her letter with a tremendous flourish, which he was unable to decipher. It put him out of temper, as is evident from the note he appended. "Unintelligible Christian name, and a surname Kent, so I wrote a curt reply to Mrs. Kent, because you don't offend by calling a spinster a wife, but by calling a wife miss you may." Miss Dickens sent a pretty little note of explanation, and the irate man of letters was soothed. Letters from Bulwer Lytton are here in considerable number. Reade had a high opinion of him as a novelist and dramatist, and there is a very friendly tone about their correspondence. It was Lytton, I think, who introduced Reade to Dickens. The author of *Pelham* writes a shocking scrawl on the shabbiest scraps of paper.

One long and interesting letter is from Wilkie Collins, containing "considerations for R." regarding the manuscript of *Put Yourself in His Place*. Over another of Collins's letters Reade has written: "An artist of the pen. There are terribly few of these among writers." Miss Braddon, for whose work he had a great admiration, writes to him at the time she is taking a new house, "What a lot of helpless innocent creatures I shall have to slaughter 'sensationally' for the benefit of bricklayers and carpenters!" and further on she sends him a comical left-handed epistle, when he was writing to the newspapers to declare that the left hand ought to be used as readily as the right. There is a genial note from Artemus Ward, offering stalls for his lecture in Piccadilly; and one from Mark Twain, "An American humorist, and really has much humor." George Henry Lewes writes: "Are we never to see you on a Sunday afternoon? We are always in, and generally get some good talkers to come."

Letters from actors and actresses fill a considerable space. Of Jefferson, Reade writes, "An admirable American actor," and supports his opinion by a pungent bit of criticism. About Sothern, in connection with a letter from that actor, he writes: "This gentleman is a dry humorist. I believe he proposes to mesmerize, and is an imitator of the Davenport brothers. He can get his hands out of any knot I can tie. His Dundreary is true comedy, not farce. He is as grave as a judge over it, and in that excellent quality a successor to Liston." Of Ellen Terry he thought very highly, and the following bit of description is singularly happy: "Ellen Terry. An enigma. Her eyes are pale. Her hair rather long; her complexion delicate. Her expression *kills* any pretty face you ever see beside her. A pattern of fawn-like grace." Of her sister, Miss Kate Terry, who retired from the stage on her marriage, he says: "The sweetest, tenderest, and most intelligent actress of her day. Young in years, but old in expression, and fuller of talent than an egg is of meat."

I am far from having exhausted the letter-book, or the general contents of the room in which it finds place. The letters from mad people, both men and women, which he used in his preparation for the novel on the lunacy question, are a separate study in themselves; and besides these there are drawers, trunks, and cupboards filled with manuscript reminiscences of one of the most active literary lives of the century. But enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there is a rich treat in store for future visitors to the house in which Charles Reade spent his latest years.

As I said above, Mr. Liston is now engaged in bringing the papers into order; and it need scarcely be said that when he has finished his labors he will have collected materials for an instructive and entertaining biography of one of the best novelists of the nineteenth century.

Tighe Hopkins.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SOUPS AND STEWS.

Continuing our note of facts and fallacies respecting the choice of food:

III. Water is one of the most important constituents of food.

Fallacy 4. That because water alone can not sustain animal life, therefore soups and other watery forms of food are of secondary value in our diet.

Accurately speaking, air is the most important of all foods. Its oxygen furnishes a large part of the solid constituents of our bodies; we are fed by every breath, our firm tissues are in large part inspissated air. But this elemental, constant, and invisible nutrient is not usually spoken of as food; and water, which is supplied almost as freely, is overlooked in the same way. But even of our solid food water forms about half the weight, and in addition to this amount the system needs some four times as much more water.

That is to say, if twenty ounces per day be enough of *dry* food for a given individual, his complete physiological ration would average as follows:

Moist food	40 ounces.
Fluids in addition	80 ounces.

These numbers are of course only approximate, as no set rule can be laid down; but they say that we must attend to the proportion of liquid in our food.

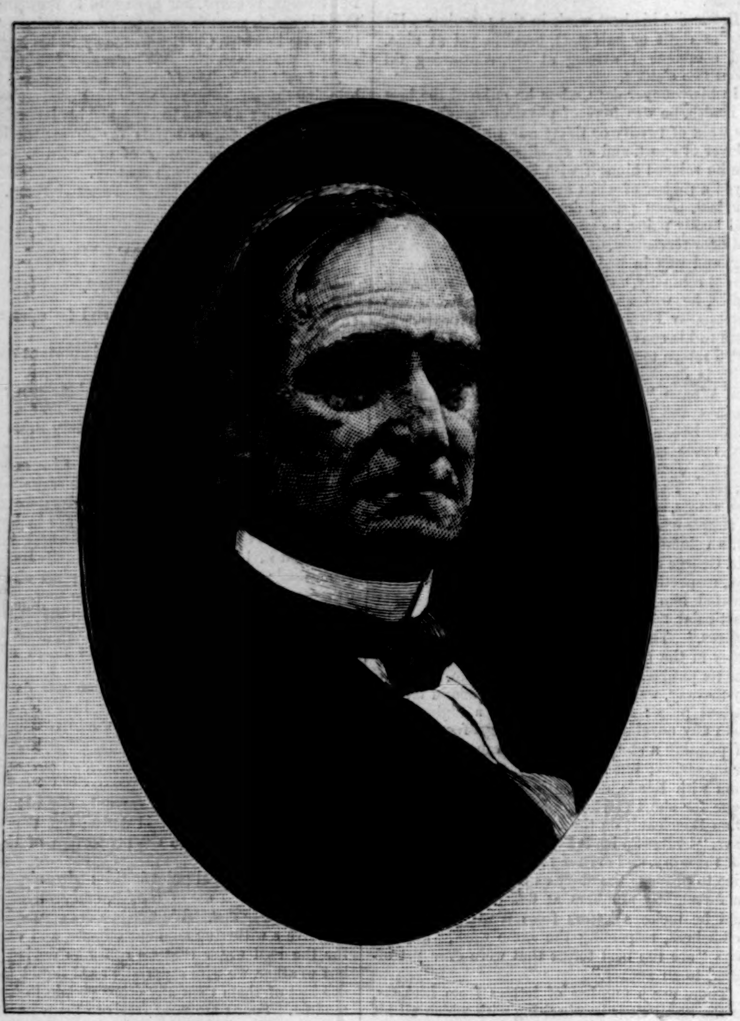
Now the practical point is this: *Americans do not make enough use of liquids, and especially of soups, in their diet.* We live in a dry atmosphere, we have a withering summer climate, and except for the iced water that we consume during the hot weather, we who especially need liquid foods use less of them than any other people in Christendom. Soups are used freely in many parts of Europe. The Germans are drinkers of beer, the English of beer and tea, the French of wine and chocolate; but the American has no national beverage, except during the dog-days, and then he can not pour down enough iced water to last the year round. Whiskey, the national stimulant, can not be called a true beverage; certainly it can not well be imbibed at the rate of eighty ounces per day.

What, then, is lacking in the diet of a community which stands in special need of a more generous liquid diet?

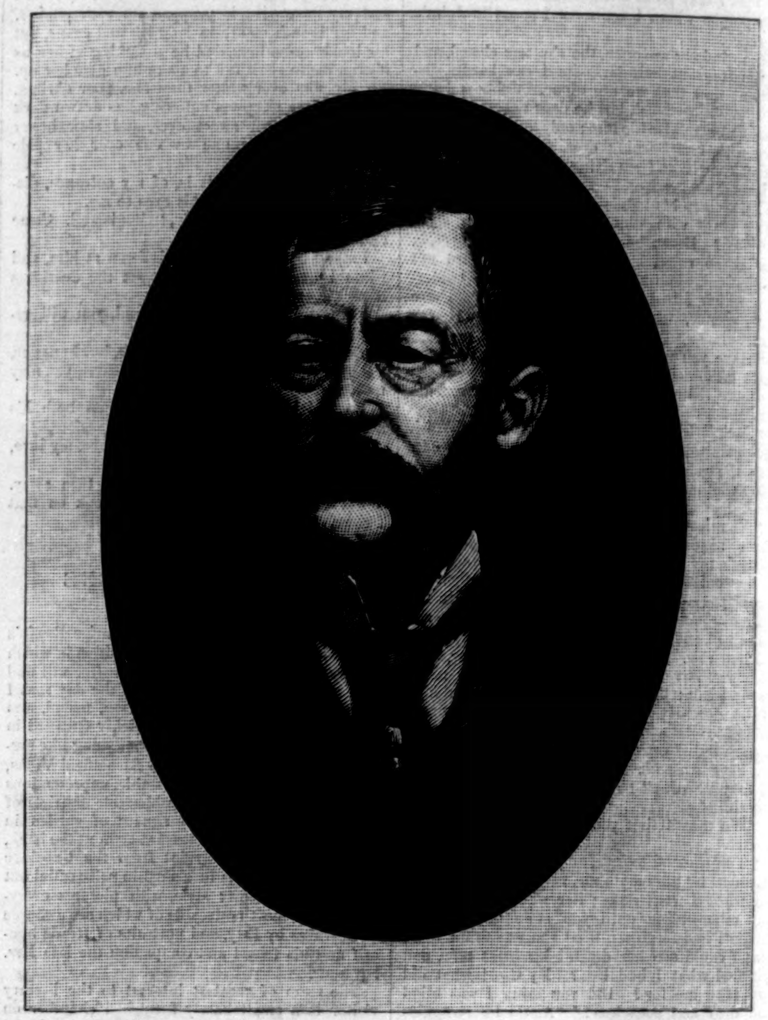
One thing is needful especially, and that thing is *soup*. Except in the cities, Americans eat very little soup. A good bouillon or *pot au feu*, the most economical and appetizing of foods, is what we should use far more than we do. "It is the outcome," says Dr. Radcliffe, "of ages of experience in people who have a special genius for cookery. The animal and vegetable ingredients are so blended that the flavor of no one article is predominant. The bouillon contains all, or almost all, of the soluble portions of those ingredients which are necessary for tissue-forming or plastic purposes and for force production." A good *pot au feu* with bread is an excellent and sufficient meal, provided always that the *pot au feu* is made from a good piece of meat. A good bouillon may indeed be made from a tough piece, but what remains behind will be innutritious and indigestible, its virtues having gone into the soup. I have remarked in French families that the housekeepers provide good meat for the *pot au feu*, and though they boil it two or three hours, they take care not to extract its virtues entirely by too much boiling, so that the *bouilli*, or soup meat, is good and palatable when served with a sauce. Here is an approved recipe (Gouffé's) for a *pot au feu* for four or five persons: fresh meat (a good piece), one and three-quarter pounds; fresh bones, well broken up, a quarter of a pound; leeks, seven ounces; carrots, onions, turnips, each five and a half ounces; parsnips, one ounce; celery, one-third of an ounce; salt, cloves, each one ounce; caramel, a very little; water, four quarts. Place the meat and bones in the stew-pan, the bones undermost; pour in the water and add the salt; put it on the fire until the water boils and a scum begins to rise; then take the stew-pan off; add a little cold water, remove the scum with a skimmer; then add the vegetables, and put the stew-pan near enough to the fire for the contents to simmer (not to boil) for three or four hours; do not close the lid tightly; then pour off the bouillon; when it is in the soup tureen, add enough caramel to give it a delicate orange tinge. This bouillon is quite as good on the second day as on the first. The *bouilli*, or meat, is prepared as a dish in several ways; it is commonly eaten with a sauce.

I have called this dish economical because nothing is lost. But though economical, it is not necessarily cheap; it is all the better for putting the best materials into it. Let us rehabilitate the bouillon in our own kitchens from the example of the best housekeepers in the world, the French—a people, indeed, from whom we Americans might learn, if we would, in other matters than those of domestic economy, more useful things than from any other people.

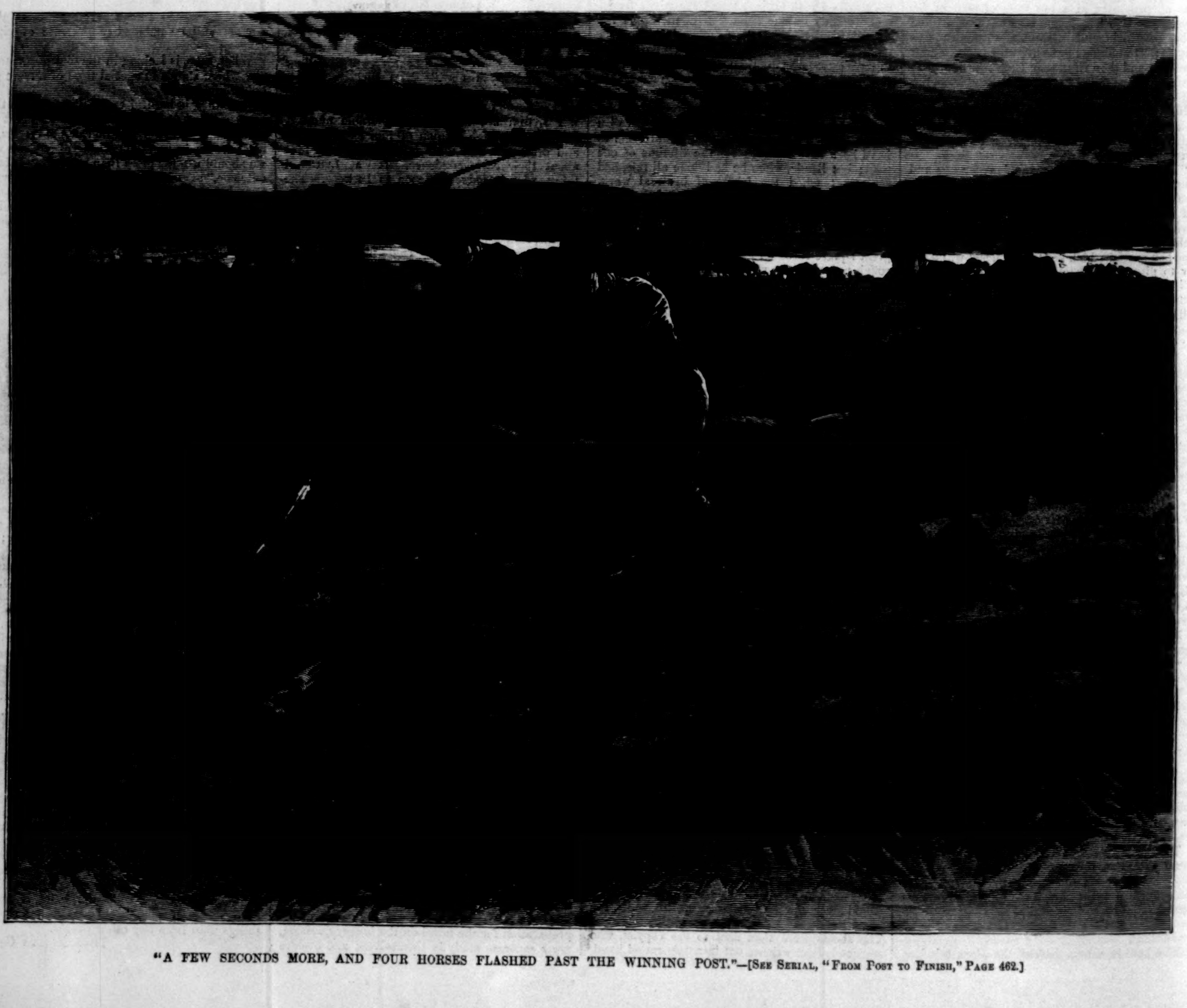
Titus Munson Coan.



THE HON. ALPHONSO TAFT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.
Photographed by Landy.—[See Page 459.]



THE HON. JOHN A. KASSON, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.
Photographed by Bell.—[See Page 459.]



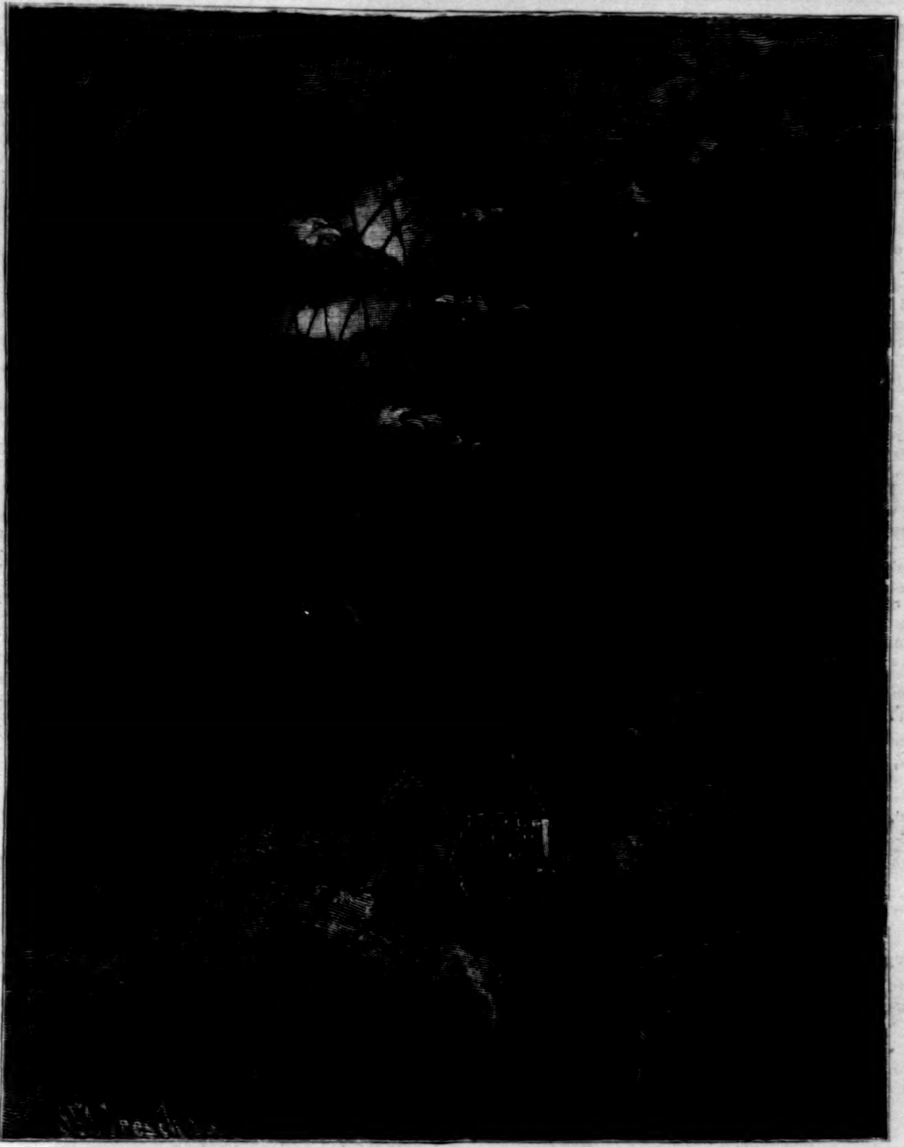
"A FEW SECONDS MORE, AND FOUR HORSES FLASHED PAST THE WINNING POST."—[See Serial, "From Post to Finish," Page 462.]

STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN A BALLOON.

The incidents of a most noteworthy balloon voyage were reported from Montreal last week. The ascension was made from Montpelier, Vermont, on the afternoon of the Fourth, by Professor Grimley, the aeronaut, and two companions. As they shot upward, at the rate of a thousand feet per minute, they threw overboard several bagfuls of sand ballast, most of which descended into a carriage from which a lady and gentleman were watching them. While pitying their sand-deluged admirers, though at the same time laughing at their plight, the voyagers rose to an altitude of over two miles, where they reached a current that drove them rapidly northward. During their northward flight they continued to ascend until the lofty peaks of the Green Mountains—even Mount Mansfield itself—looked like ant-hills beneath them. When they had attained an elevation of 14,800 feet, or very nearly three miles, the mountains were blotted from view by a dense bank of clouds, swept over them by a storm that raged a mile below the balloon.

At this time the remarkable temperature of the atmosphere was noted and commented upon. Although they were at an elevation of nearly 15,000 feet, where the ordinary temperature is ten degrees below the freezing-point, it was found in this case to be the same as that of the earth from which they had started. Difficult respiration, pains in the head, deafness, and all the other symptoms pertaining to existence in the rarefied atmosphere of great elevations were experienced, but no cold. This departure from the law of a decrease of temperature with an increase of elevation is explained by meteorologists as being due to the currents of heated air which are often deflected from their proper line of movement by lofty mountains, and given an upward direction. On such mountain-sides it is frequently noticed, during summer afternoons, that the wind blows upward—an effect caused by the greater absorption of heat by the surface of the mountain than by the air strata around it at corresponding levels. The upward current of heated air thus formed is often maintained long after the sun has disappeared, and attains great elevations. It is more than probable that had Professor Grimley's ascent been made in the morning instead of the evening, he and his companions would at their great elevation have experienced the proper degree of coolness instead of the warmth that so greatly astonished them.

At seven o'clock in the evening the party descended to the earth, their drag-rope was caught and secured, and they took supper at Waterville. In less than an hour they were again in upper air, sweeping over Lake Champlain, and soon afterward they evaded the revenue officers and crossed the Canadian line. At a tremendous speed they passed over the Lachine Rapids so close to the surface of the water that they could hear the drag-rope splashing through it, and soon afterward they landed safely in a suburb of Montreal.



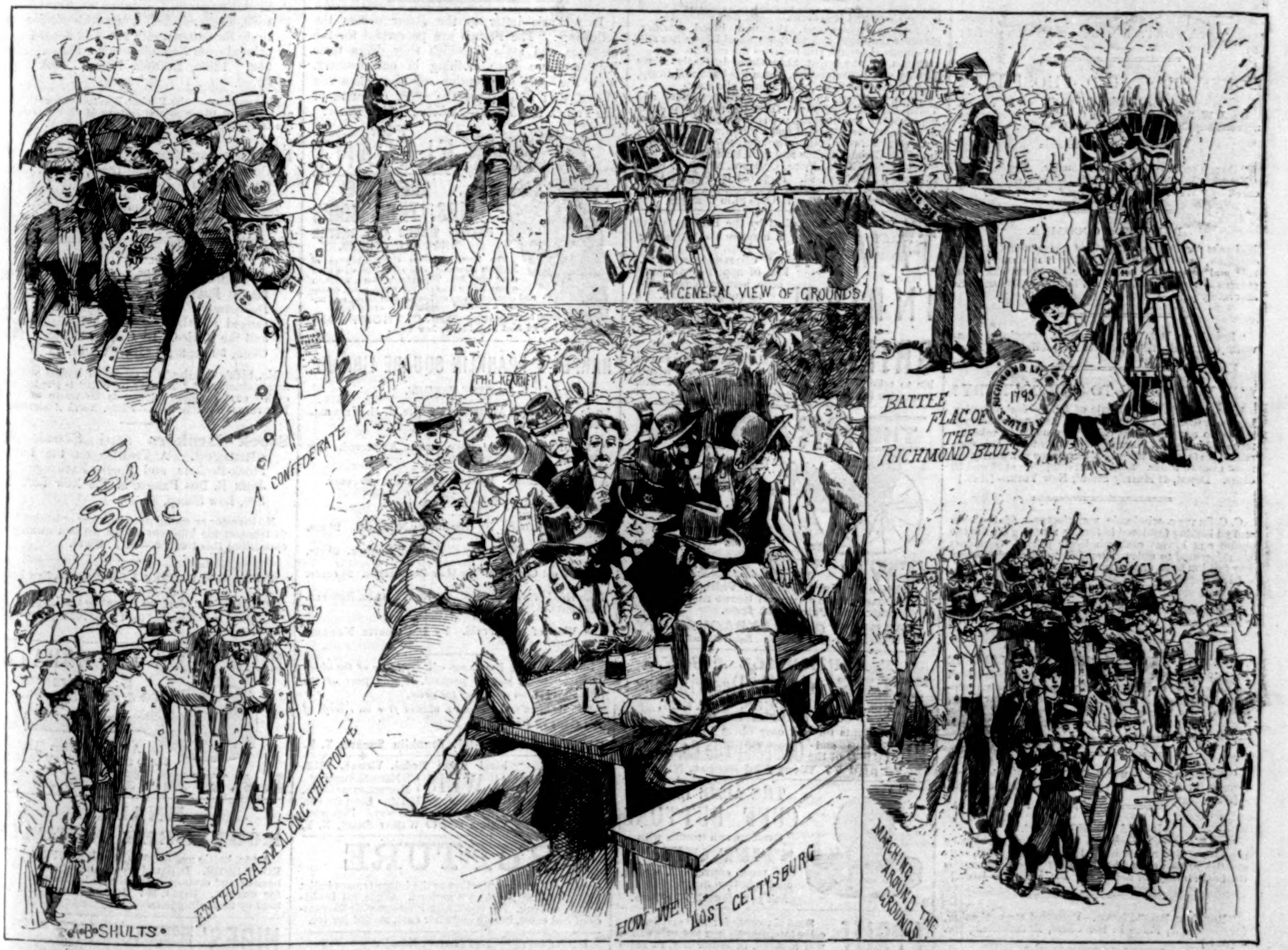
DRIFTING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.—Drawn by J. F. J. Tresch.

A PLEASANT REUNION.

The visits which military organizations North and South interchange every summer are not only a pleasant custom, but a gratifying indication of the gradual passing away of the passions and prejudices of the war. The latest of these reunions was the visit of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, the Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, and the Phil Kearny Post, No. 10, G. A. R., of Richmond, Virginia, to Lincoln Post, No. 11, G. A. R., of Newark, New Jersey, which took place on the 8th inst.

The visitors were received at the Chestnut Street Depot by several Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and were escorted to the City Hall. There they were welcomed by Mayor Haynes in a speech, which was replied to by Judge Flournoy, Secretary of State of Virginia. The visitors were next taken to the Academy of Music and hospitably entertained. About three o'clock they formed on Military Park, and, accompanied by the Grand Army Posts and the Newark militia, paraded through the streets to the Caledonia Park.

A pleasant incident of this visit was the return of a Union battle-flag, rent by bullets, which was captured in August, 1862, at Lewisburg, by Captain Caston Otey's Thirteenth Battery, Virginia Confederates. When the representatives of Lee Camp were leaving Richmond, Miss Otey, the captain's daughter, intrusted to them the flag for Lincoln Post, which was to give it to the original owners when they were found. A piece of white canvas attached to the flag bears the words: "Presented to the Volunteers of New Bremen by the Citizens of New Bremen."



A FRIENDLY INVASION—CONFEDERATE VETERANS VISIT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Mr. Barrett Browning has completed the portrait of his father he was commissioned by Professor Jowett to paint for Balliol Hall. The countenance of our great poet, as presented by his son, bears that expression of animation, shrewdness, and observant concentration that so strongly contrasts with the dreamy cast of features young ladies associate with their conception of a poet's appearance. Mr. Browning leans slightly forward as if engaged in conversation, his two hands resting on the bound MS. of the *Ring and the Book*. He wears the D.C.L. crimson robes, the full sleeves of silk contrasting with the texture of the woollen material composing the rest of the gown. The blue hood of the Edinburgh University is also worn by Mr. Browning; and the young painter has skillfully treated the difficulties of tone presented by the somewhat garish hues of the costume.

Mr. Browning is seated in a chair of carved oak, with low and rounded back—the favorite chair of his wife, the one in which she used to sit in that beautiful drawing-room of the Casa Guidi in Florence. The background of the portrait represents a tapestried hanging, on which are embroidered the Medici arms. This tapestry also used to hang in that room in Italy which was for so many years inhabited by England's greatest poetess. Mr. Browning's portrait by his son, apart from its value as a work of art, must be always invested with a peculiar interest for all who have been swayed and charmed by the works of that matchless husband and wife.

MR. SWINBURNE IN THE PULPIT.

In a most touching and beautiful sermon by the Rev. John Wellwood, just published, these exquisite lines are given:

"A little soul, scarce fledged for earth,
Takes wing, with heaven again for goal,
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul.

"The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street:
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

"The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands:
What gift has death—God's servant—brought
The little hands?

"The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies:
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

* * * * * * *

"No storm, we know, may change the blue
Soft heaven that haply death descries;
No tears, like those in ours, bedew
The little eyes."

The sermon from which these lines are quoted was preached on the death of a dear sister-in-law, who, while she was dying—the little babe having gone before—would keep saying, as she thought of her husband, "Oh, you will be so lonely! so lonely!" and then, at "some low-breathed, re-assuring word, would smile, ready to go with perfect joy."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
AS A NERVE FOOD.
Dr. J. W. Smith, Wellington, O., says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advantage."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.
Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
Will save the hair and keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends. *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts* are absolutely pure.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

ARE YOU GOING TO THE COUNTRY?
If so, you will find a bottle of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment worth its weight in gold. As a pain destroyer it has no equal, besides being invaluable to take internally in cases of diarrhœa and dysentery. It is warranted perfectly harmless. A few drops will purify the most impure water. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, wholesale manufacturer of Sealskin and all leading fashionable furs, is retailing during the summer at lowest cash wholesale prices. Garments manufactured to order. Repairing and altering done. Fur fashion book mailed free. No. 103 Prince St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on pain" cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa; externally for Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache, Neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

"Bodily Beauty," a treatise, mailed for 25c. by A. Hand, A.M., Park Ridge, per Chicago, Ill.—[*Adv.*]

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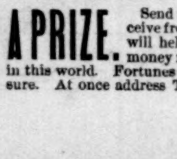

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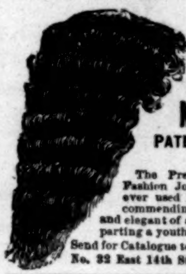

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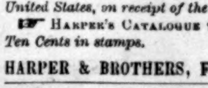

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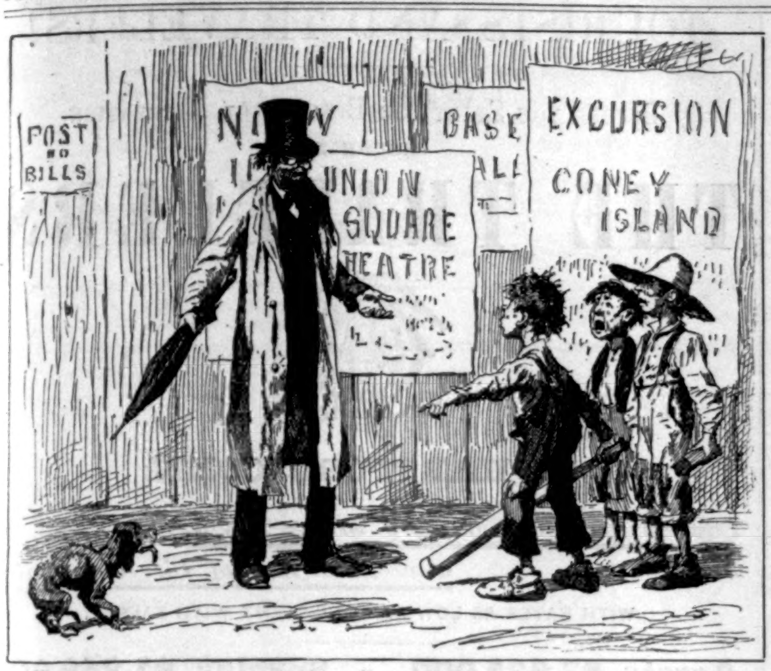

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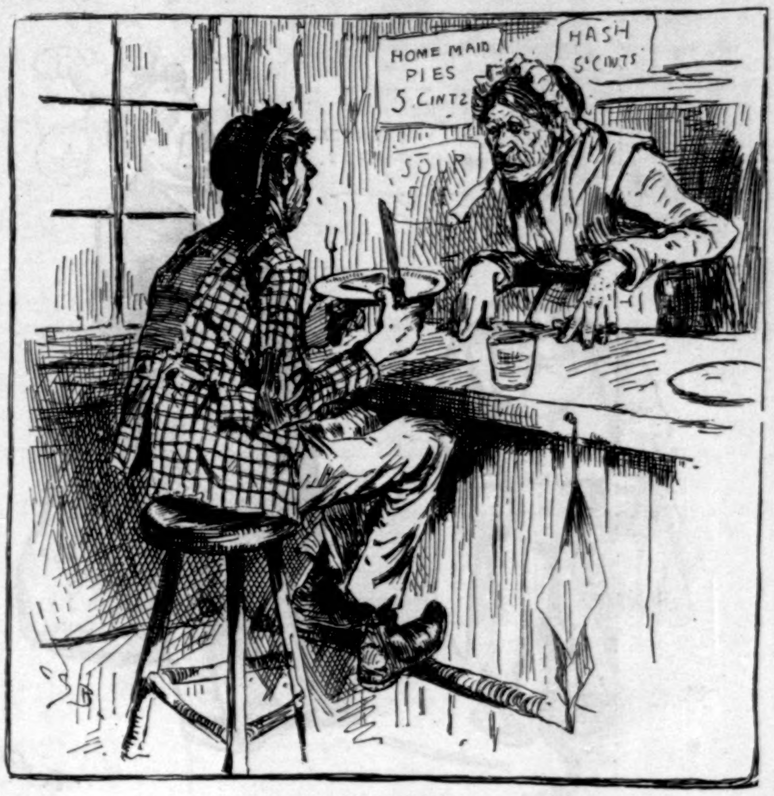

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